

**INSIDE MAN 2**

**BY:  
RUSSELL GEWIRTZ**

EXT. MANHATTAN FROM ABOVE - DAY

As the credits roll and the music plays,

We soar like a bird above Fifth Avenue, heading north, on a tour of some of Manhattan's great mansions and museums. We begin over the Manhattan Public Library on 42nd and pass The Plaza on Central Park South, the Frick Collection on 71st Street, the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Guggenheim, etc.

We pick up speed and altitude, soaring over Harlem.

Soon, we are over water.

The music becomes darker.

We begin to descend on the unattractive Rikers Island, a web of decrepit prison buildings and barbed wire. \*

We close in on one grey, four story building. \*

We close in on a window on the first floor.

We move through the window, into a conference room.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON - PRIVATE VISITORS ROOM - MORNING

THE MUSIC FADES. PAUSE CREDITS.

We see DALTON RUSSELL, in an orange jumpsuit, seated at the table. On his back are stenciled a number and the words: "NYC DOC Rikers Island.

Sitting across the table from him is KEITH FRAZIER, his arm in a sling. He has a bandage on his neck, and when he moves, he moves slowly and painfully. The injury happened two days ago. He's in a suit, over the arm and sling. \*

SUPER: PRESENT DAY

Dalton Russell leans forward, his arms crossed on the table, his head all the way forward, and speaks softly.

DALTON

So, Detective Frazier. Here you are. Rikers Island Prison. Staring across the table at the world's greatest jewel thief.

With his right hand open, Dalton covers his face below his eyes. With his left hand, he covers his forehead. He's mimicking his disguise from the bank heist.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What would you like to know?

Frazier doesn't answer. His cynical, impatient expression says that he's listening, but trying not to give Dalton the satisfaction.

FRAZIER

You think this is fucking funny? I  
knew who you were that first day  
on 47th Street.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

That is funny.

\*

FRAZIER

Trust me, Pal. It ain't. I told  
you you'd go down, and I meant it.

DALTON

Let's talk about what you really  
want to know.

Dalton continues speaking as the sound fades out and we

FADE TO:

EXT. MANHATTAN TRUST BANK - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

SUPER: 2005

Detective Keith Frazier and masked thief Dalton Russell continue their conversation from the first film, through the closed door.

Frazier has stepped away from the door, but heads back.

\*

FRAZIER

Nobody sane would do this job.

DALTON

Like I said. You're too smart to  
be a cop.

FRAZIER

Yeah, well we all make our choices  
in life. Don't we?

DALTON

That we do. Sometimes we do things  
we regret, and we have to live  
with it. Gum?

Dalton offers a stick of gum through the door frame.

FRAZIER

I don't regret it.

DALTON

I wasn't thinking of you.

FRAZIER

No? Who were you thinking of? And no I don't want your fucking gum!

Frazier swipes the gum down.

DALTON

We are all the sum of the choices we make. And when you make a wrong choice, and do the wrong thing, you're stuck with it forever. \*

FRAZIER

Who did the wrong you're here to right?

DALTON

Oh, I'm not here to set anything right. I'm here to get rich.

FRAZIER

(getting impatient)  
Bullshit. Who's the bad guy? \*

DALTON

I'm just speaking hypothetically here, but doing something truly immoral, is its own punishment. \*  
And no matter how many years you spend trying to make amends, doing good deeds, it doesn't erase the evil. You know what I mean? \*

FRAZIER

Sure. You do something wrong, you gotta pay the price. You gotta face justice. Why don't you tell me who they are and what they did, so I can make that happen. \*

DALTON

That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying that an evil deed is it's own punishment. You don't need to catch the guy and lock him up. He's got a blemish on his soul, and he's had to live with that his entire life. In or out of jail - that's just housekeeping.

(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

In the end, we are the sum of the things we do.

FRAZIER

That's really profound. By the way, have we met? I'm Detective Keith Frazier. NYPD. I'm a cop. I spend my life hunting down people who do wrong and putting them away so they can't keep doing it. I wish we could all live in this bullshit fantasy land of yours, but I've seen too much of the fucked up shit that people do. So unless you wanna give me some specifics, I'm gonna have to disagree with you.

DALTON

So if there's nothing else...

FRAZIER

Oh, but there is, smart guy. A bunch of armed men out here. Kevlar vests, automatic weapons, concussion grenades. You gotta convince me that these people in here aren't gonna get blown up.

\*

Dalton backs away. His expression says "we're done here."

FADE TO BLACK.

AS CREDITS CONTINUE

and music plays, Frazier goes through the various door, gates, checkpoints, etc. involved in exiting Rikers Island Correctional Facility.

End Credits. End Music.

SUPER: ONE WEEK AGO

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAWN

\*

JOHN BECK, 33, white, sits on the floor with his back to the wall. In his lap is his four-year-old step-daughter, asleep. In his right hand is a large kitchen knife.

\*

\*

\*

John is tired, and close to drifting into sleep. His hair and clothing are disheveled, and we can tell that this has been going on for hours.

\*

The remains of a KFC meal sit on the floor next to him.

Pull back from Beck, out of the bedroom, towards the front door of the apartment, in Beck's line of sight. \*

Under the door, in the crack above the floor, is a tiny camera. \*

We follow the cable from the camera as it snakes down the hall, to the staircase, down to the \*

HALLWAY - ONE FLOOR BELOW --

where the ESU have set up operations and TV monitors.

Now we see the view of the Beck scene on a PORTABLE MONITOR. \*

Several members of the ESU's Hostage Negotiation Team observe the scene on the monitor. They're waiting for Beck to fall asleep, and it's clear from the look of them, they've been waiting for hours and hours.

Right in front of the monitor, in charge of the operation, is Lieutenant Keith Frazier. His sleeves rolled up, no tie. His bulletproof vest hangs unstrapped. His eyes are red and puffy from staring at that monitor for an eternity, and from lack of sleep.

He speaks to John on the monitor, but really to himself.

FRAZIER

Come on. That's it.

(sings)

*Rock-a-bye baby, on the tree top.  
When the wind blows, the knife I  
will drop. When the bow brakes...* \*

ED (O.S.)

No, keep going. I was just about to nod off.

Down the hall, PAUL FINLEY, 29, a patrolman, comes up the stairs carrying six cups of coffee in a cardboard tray.

Frazier sees him. He makes a slightly perceptible frown.

He motions for Finley to come straight to him.

Finley reaches Frazier.

FRAZIER

Very nice of you, son.

(to Ed)

Ed, how do you take your's? With a teaspoon of crack?

ED, 42, ESU member, with a mustache, in bulletproof vest and full gear, with his M-5 slung, nods in agreement.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

I know Buxton likes a bit of PCP in his. Me, I like to drop in a little crystal meth.

(off Finley's nameplate)

How about you, Finley?

FINLEY

Sir?

Frazier takes the entire tray and puts it on the floor. \*

FRAZIER

(laughs)

I'm just messing with you. Things are tense enough here, Finley. I don't need a bunch of over-caffeinated cops with nervous trigger fingers.

Frazier reaches into his pocket and pulls out a ten dollar bill. He hands it to Finley.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Go back to the Koreans. Get a large fresh OJ and a large fresh carrot juice. And some cups. OK? \*

FINLEY

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

FRAZIER

Don't worry about it.

(Finley's off)

He's a good kid.

ED

Carrot juice?

FRAZIER

It's really good. Hey, I'm buying, so don't bitch.

INT. A ROOM -- UNKNOWN

Five anonymous men arm up for an assault of some kind. We see guns, ammo, Kevlar and ski masks. We never see their faces. Could they be the STEVES? We'll soon find out.

Shotguns are loaded.

A pack of fresh batteries is opened. A battery is loaded into a remote detonator.

EXT. BUILDING COURTYARD - HELL'S KITCHEN - DAWN (DAY 1)

In the window facing John Beck's apartment window, thirty feet across the courtyard and one flight up from Beck's, an ESU SHARPSHOOTER has Beck in his gunsight.

The sharpshooter speaks to Frazier on his radio headset.

SHARPSHOOTER

Frazier.

FRAZIER

Yo.

SHARPSHOOTER

Don't yell at me, but, I got a bead on this guy, but I'm really getting tired and -

FRAZIER

Take it easy.

SHARPSHOOTER

The thing is, the sun's rising. In a few minutes, it's gonna be shining right in my face. My visibility's gonna go to shit. \*

FRAZIER

I hear you. Thanks.

SHARPSHOOTER

Not saying I wanna shoot this fuck. but in a few minutes it may not be an option. How sure are you that he's gonna nod off? \*

FRAZIER

I know. I'll get back to you.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

A shopkeeper raises the riot gate on his store.

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Frazier, wearing headphones, stares at Beck in the monitor, seeming to sleep. Beck's hand is loosely around the knife, on the floor. \*



FRAZIER

Shh!

We hear Beck snore in Frazier's headphones.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

(to Beck on monitor)

All right. Gimme some more.

Beck snores a few more times.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Ed. You good to go?

ED (ON RADIO)

You bet.

FRAZIER

He's asleep. Go for it.

Frazier and the crew watch the monitor as we see Ed raise the window near Beck.

Gingerly, he crawls through it.

INT. HELL'S KITCHEN APARTMENT - SAME TIME - INTERCUT

Ed approaches Beck and softly takes the knife from him. \*

He hands it back to his partner in the open window, and then lifts the girl up.

Once he has her, he backs away.

As he does, Beck wakes up.

Ed backs away quickly to protect the girl. The second ESU bolts through the window and takes Beck to the ground. \*

FRAZIER

Way to go!

Everyone cheers.

EXT. 47TH STREET, MANHATTAN - THE DIAMOND DISTRICT - DAY

Everywhere we see merchants, customers, dealers transacting business. There are more diamonds concentrated on this block than anywhere else on the planet. \*

Lots of Orthodox Jews in Yarmulkes. Lots of Hasidic Jews in black coats and hats. \*

A dark Chevy SUV is parked on the street in front of Pincus and Sons, one of the larger stores on the street. It's six doors down from the corner of Fifth Avenue.

INT. CHEVY SUV - CONTINUOUS

Inside are five of the toughest Russian thugs you'll ever see: Vor v Zakonye: Thieves in Law. Ages 35-45. These are the men we saw arming previously.

INT. PRECINCT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Detectives go about their business.

Frazier returns and crosses the floor to the corner office. His office.

INT. PRECINCT - FRAZIER'S OFFICE

Frazier enters and closes the door. He closes the blinds on the window which opens onto the main floor. Behind the door is a change of clothes.

He begins to change into a clean suit and shirt. \*

On the wall opposite his desk, a part of the wall is dedicated to the Manhattan Trust heist, and more specifically, to Dalton. We see several photos from the bank's security cameras: Dalton when he entered, Dalton in his mask, Dalton as he left, passing Frazier. \*

The angles of the photos are poor. Dalton is avoiding the camera. They are grainy. Little can be discerned from them. \*

We also see a computer generated police sketch of Dalton, and several computer-generated modifications showing him with a beard, with glasses, etc. They don't look too much like Dalton. \*

Here are forensic detail such as approximate height, weight, age, etc. \*

A printout of DNA Analysis: Caucasian male. Hair: Brown. Eyes: Blue. \*

The age says 36 to 40. Those numbers have been crossed out and updated twice. 37 to 41. Now he's 38-42. \*

EXT. 47TH STREET - DAY

The thieves inside the Chevy SUV open their doors and exit the car.

INT. PINCUS AND SONS - CONTINUOUS

On the sales floor, salespeople and customers. In the back, behind bulletproof glass, sits a fortune in stones.

There are two uniformed and armed security guards, and three in plain clothes.

The Vor burst in and start shooting.

A uniformed security guard pulls his gun and is shot dead.

Everyone scatters.

A plainclothes security guard pulls his gun and is also shot dead.

The thieves order everyone to the floor.

Everyone drops to the floor.

The thieves move past the absolute riot of diamond engagement rings and head towards the back, to the floor-standing safe.

MEANWHILE, AT VARIOUS LOCATIONS ON THE STREET,

Inside stores, and in offices above, various men (Hasidics, Israelis, and regular guys) note their beepers going off. Each knows that someone has hit the panic button.

Everyone rushes into action.

Some of them speak into radios or cell phones - in English, Yiddish, Hebrew, Spanish and Russian.

INT. PINCUS AND SONS - MOMENTS LATER

The thieves train guns to the heads of the MANAGER and TWO EMPLOYEES.

VOR 1

Open it!

The manager is frozen in fear.

VOR 1 (CONT'D)

Open it now!

VOR 2

(re: employee)

I blow her head off. Open it!

The manager complies. He nervously begins to work the combination to open the safe.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CORNER OFFICE - MORNING

Lieutenant Keith Frazier is on the phone in his office.

There's a **nameplate on his desk that says simply:**  
**"H.N.I.C."**

SYLVIA

\*

FRAZIER

Yeah, don't worry about it... I can pick that stuff up on my way home. Toothpaste, deodorant.... What?! Super-Maxi what? Get the - Baby, you can go to Duane Reade. OK? No. You go. You have any idea how tired I am? Good. You sure your brother's gonna be there at 6:00? I'm just saying, if he oversleeps and we miss that flight... I'm 'a have him arrested.

EXT. PINCUS AND SONS - SAME TIME

Everyone on the street now understands what is happening. They are all fleeing in confusion, except for one uniformed patrolman, two plainclothes NYPD cops, and some of the men we saw getting beeped, some with semi-automatic weapons, who start to assemble and shout focusing their attention outside the store.

We notice one odd-looking fellow, JOSEPH MENKOWITZ. He's six foot eight, three hundred pounds, dressed in a black hat and long black coat. He's easily the largest Hasidic man we've ever seen. He's nearly sixty, so he moves slowly, but deliberately. He's observing. He touches his neck to check his pulse.

INT. PINCUS AND SONS - SAME TIME

The thieves are assembled at the door, looking out, ready to leave. They can see the men outside.

One of them pushes the button on a remote control.

OUTSIDE

The Chevy SUV EXPLODES.

Glass windows shatter everywhere and fill the street with smoke.

A few people are injured, but not killed.

The cops and others pursuing are momentarily disoriented.

Taking advantage of the confusion, the thieves burst out and run past the burning SUV, to the corner.

The three Israelis are on their feet first, and back in pursuit.

The thieves reach another SUV waiting at the corner, and pile in.

Joseph makes his way, slowly and deliberately, toward the corner of 47th and Fifth Avenue.

The SUV speeds off.

The Israelis are about to fire, but they hold off, for fear of injuring passersby.

As the SUV bullies its way through traffic, down Fifth Avenue, a patrol car appears in pursuit, sirens blazing.

Then another.

Joseph has reached the corner of Fifth Avenue.

He slowly climbs onto a parked Lincoln Navigator, facing down Fifth Avenue.

He steps onto the front fender, then the hood. His foot makes an imprint. He takes a deep breath and his hat drops from his head.

The SUV and the police cars head past 44th Street, towards 42nd Street and the New York Public Library.

Joseph mounts the roof of the Navigator, again denting it with his massive feet, and drops his long, black coat.

He turns to face downtown, revealing a 50-inch long Russian made Dragunov SVD sniper rifle slung along his right side. Only a man his height wearing an overcoat could conceal such a weapon.

He places two fingers on his neck to check his pulse.

He takes a deep breath, and lets it out slowly. We understand that for this kind of shot, controlling his breathing and heart rate is more important than the distance.

He raises the weapon. The SUV is four blocks away. One thousand feet. He aims through the telescopic sight.

He takes a deep breath, lets it out slowly, and waits for his shot.

#### INSIDE THE SUV

They are yelling.

Then, one of the men in the back slumps forward, He's been shot in the back of the head. We see the bullet hole in the rear window behind him.

We move through the bullet hole and refocus on Joseph, four blocks away, on the roof of the Navigator, as he lowers his weapon.

#### FIFTH AVENUE AT 42ND STREET --

The patrol cars cut the SUV off just as it is passing the Library steps.

The SUV cuts right and bounds up the Library's steps, causing total chaos.

The cops jump out, pointing weapons, taking cover, and shouting at the thieves.

The four surviving thieves get out of the SUV.

They aim their huge automatic weapons at the police, and open the gates of hell, shredding the squad cars.

One cop is hit and severely wounded.

The cops manage to hit one of the thieves, YEGOR GALITSKI, just under his bulletproof vest, and gravely wound him.

He falls to the ground and diamonds pour from his jacket.

They cascade down the steps and the majority reach an open sewer grate and disappear.

Two cops take him down and cuff one of his hands.

One of the other three thieves sees that the cops have Galitski. He yells to the others, who also see and are closer.

Two of the thieves turn their automatic weapons on Galitski and the cops and shoot, not wanting Galitski to be taken alive.

All three men are hit and lay motionless on the ground.

The three thieves shed their overgarments and their bulletproof vests, and run away in different directions.

Of the two wounded cops, one fires on the fleeing thieves.

He hits one of them, sending him down to the ground, gravely wounded and bleeding.

The other cop, next to him, is dead.

Galitski, seriously wounded, is able to get up and run away.

All three lose their ski masks and melt into the crowd.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Galitski, the wounded thief, gets into a taxi, holds a handgun to JOSEPH MWABE, the African driver's head, and forces him to drive away.

INT. PRECINCT - MAIN ROOM - DAY

Detective BILL MITCHELL sits at his desk, surfing the internet on his computer. There is the usual activity around him. \*

The door to Frazier's office slams open and he exits into the main room with purpose, heading through the room towards the exit.

FRAZIER  
Mitchell.

MITCHELL  
Yo - Sir.

But Mitchell's concentration is still focused on his screen as Frazier passes him from behind. He gently slaps the back of Mitchell's head.

FRAZIER  
Yo, crossing guard. Drop your cock and grab your Glock.

Mitchell jumps up to follow him.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - MOVING - SECONDS LATER

MITCHELL  
Listen, Keith. You wanna bust my balls, that's all right. But not in front of the whole squad.

FRAZIER  
What you talking 'bout?

MITCHELL  
"Crossing guard?" Easy for you to say, cashing that Lieutenant's paycheck.

FRAZIER  
Oh, yeah? Well, once you start cashing those prep school paychecks, drinks are on you.

MITCHELL  
You know it ain't about that.

FRAZIER  
Yeah, yeah. Let's go catch us some bad guys.

MITCHELL  
Where we going?

FRAZIER  
10-13 on 47th Street. Big one. Your case.

MITCHELL  
Mine?



FRAZIER

Damn right. I know there's a cop  
in there somewhere. I'm 'a wake  
him up.

EXT. 47TH STREET - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

The whole street is now a crime scene. There are cops,  
witnesses and spectators everywhere. Yellow tape is up.

Frazier and Mitchell arrive in their unmarked car.

As they cross the tape and approach the store, Mitchell  
has gotten the download on his cell phone.

MITCHELL (INTO PHONE)

Got it. We're right outside.  
Thanks.

(hangs up, to  
Frazier)

Two dead. Both security guards.

They pass the burnt out shell of the thieves' SUV, still  
smoldering, and take note of it.

Two firemen stand by as a fire department inspector  
inspects the vehicle.

FRAZIER

Fucking mess.

DETECTIVE JAMES MACGREGOR, 38, awaits Frazier and  
Mitchell.

MACGREGOR

Wait 'til you get inside.

FRAZIER

Hey, Jim. Just heard about the two  
guards.

MACGREGOR

Yeah. But it's like chaos in  
there. The beanie squad's -

(gestures a yarmulke  
on his head)

- going nuts. I don't even know  
what language they're speaking.

FRAZIER

Where's the owner?

MACGREGOR

Good question. Glad this ain't my case.

FRAZIER

Me too. Thanks.

(as they pass him,  
quietly)

Watch what you say around this crowd. Piss them off and they'll have you writing parking tickets by next week.

MACGREGOR

You got that right.

INT. PINCUS AND SONS - CONTINUOUS

They enter the store. It's a mess. There's plainclothes and uniformed cops, lots of diamond merchants and the same variety of Jews hanging around.

We hear Hebrew, English and Yiddish all over the place. People are upset. And there's still a lot of diamonds on display.

Frazier grabs a uniform cop.

FRAZIER

Who's place is this?

UNIFORM

Beats me, Sir.

FRAZIER

(to crowd)

Could I speak to the owner or the manager, please.

BERNARD MELAMED, 50, Jewish, non-religious, approaches. He's pissed too, and both he and Frazier are looking to get information, more than give it.

MELAMED

Are you the Detective in charge?

FRAZIER

Not exactly, I'm Lieutenant Keith Frazier. Detective Mitchell over here is in charge.

(shake hands)

And you are?

MELAMED

Bernard Melamed.

MITCHELL

This your place, Mr. Melamed?

MELAMED

Oh, no. I'm the president of the Merchants' Association on the street.

MITCHELL

Well, can you get the owner for us?

MELAMED

I'm afraid not. The owners are in Belgium.

MITCHELL

Belgium? Well, when are they coming back?

In the background, above the chatter, a man with an English accent is chewing out his underlings. He's pissed. We only hear his side of his conversation.

ENGLISH (O.S.)

Are you kidding me?

MELAMED

No, they live in Belgium. Do you know anything about diamonds?

FRAZIER

Color, cut, clarity and carats. I've been there. So who's in charge?

ENGLISH (O.S.)

Bring them all back here! This is bullshit!

MELAMED

Well, I'm unofficially -

MITCHELL

Look, Mr. - Melamed? If you're the Grand Poobah here, then, what did they get away with?

ENGLISH (O.S.)

Morty!

MELAMED

Well, I'm afraid I don't have an exact figure. Not right now anyway.

FRAZIER

Who the hell is that?

MELAMED

That's Mr. Russell. He's our head of security.

FRAZIER

Thank you.

Frazier heads over to the loud, angry Englishman. Leaving Mitchell with Melamed.

He comes upon him from behind and taps his shoulder.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Mr. Russell? I'm Lieutenant -

The man turns to face Frazier. He is DALTON RUSSELL.

And in an instant, the scowl on his face turns to a smile.

DALTON

Frazier.

They shake hands. Dalton's enthusiastic.

FRAZIER

Have we met before?

DALTON

No. No. I've never had the privilege. But I know you by reputation. Is this your case?

FRAZIER

No. Detective Mitchell over there is in charge. Look, Mr. Russell -

DALTON

Please, call me Dalton.

MOISHE, an Hasidic Jew, very agitated, approaches Dalton and interrupts him in Yiddish. Dalton clearly understands and is impatient with the man, answering him in English.

MOISHE

(Yiddish)  
Tell him you want his bosses down  
here right now!

DALTON

(to Moishe)  
Would you let me handle this!

FRAZIER

Who the hell's in charge here,  
Dalton?

DALTON

Oh, Detective. I know that seems  
like a simple question. But  
whatever you need to know, I'm  
your man.

FRAZIER

Oh, is that right? Well what do  
you know so far?

MOISHE

(Yiddish)  
Did you tell him? What did he say?

DALTON

They came in, killed two of my  
men, and ran out with a lot of  
stones. They detonated that SUV  
outside as a decoy, just as my  
people -

FRAZIER

Your people?

MOISHE

(Yiddish)  
You're not going to let a couple  
of *Schvartzes* handle this.

Dalton is fed up with Moishe and makes a gesture towards  
Frazier that tells Moishe 'then you handle it.' Then he  
waits for Moishe to relent.

Moishe shrugs and backs off.

DALTON

I coordinate security for the  
whole street. Detective, I have an  
excellent relationship with the  
NYPD. Some of our men are ex-NYPD,  
as well. We can be very good  
friends to have.

FRAZIER

I'm sure you can. Look, Mr.  
Russell -

DALTON

Please. Dalton.

FRAZIER

Dalton, you wanna be my friend?  
Bring me some information. Who  
owns this place, how much was  
taken, list of present and past  
employees, who's been fired. You  
know? And while you're at it,  
anything you might know about who  
did this.

Frazier leaves him there.

DALTON

Certainly.  
(calls after him)  
Oh, Detective.

FRAZIER

(stops, turns)  
It's Lieutenant.

DALTON

I'm sorry. Lieutenant. You  
arrested one of my men today.

FRAZIER

Who? Why?

DALTON

Joseph Menkowitz. He shot and  
killed one of the thieves.

FRAZIER

And?

DALTON

Well, he's licensed. Just did his  
job. I know you've got to question  
him, but he's got a bad heart. I  
really don't need him getting  
stuck in the system and dying in  
Rikers Island. And, frankly,  
neither do you.

FRAZIER

They've got a hospital on the  
Island. I'm sure he'll -

DALTON  
Lieutenant, he killed a Russian  
gangster this morning. Know what  
I'm saying?

FRAZIER  
Yeah. I'll look into it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - FRONT STEPS

Taped-off crime scene. Lots of activity.

The getaway car sits on the steps. The dead body still  
inside, being photographed.

A patrolman gives Frazier and Mitchell the details. The  
patrolman is incredulous.

PATROLMAN  
Five fucking blocks.

MITCHELL  
What are you talking about?

PATROLMAN  
I'm telling you. The guy made the  
shot from the corner of 47th. Five  
blocks. Through a moving car.

Mitchell, at the slumped over corpse, pulls up the head  
and sees that the face is completely gone.

MITCHELL  
Jesus!

Frazier observes the bullet trajectory, through the rear  
window, into the back of the dead man's head and out the  
front.

FRAZIER  
Man.

MITCHELL  
Why are you doing this?

FRAZIER  
Putting you on this? It's a  
whopper of a case.

MITCHELL  
That's my point. I'm gone in three  
weeks.

FRAZIER

Tell you what. Run it for a week until I get back. Then, if we can round this crew up in those three weeks... You'll stay on the job and let the fine white folks at Excelsior Prep find themselves another head of security.

MITCHELL

You want me to bet you my job?

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Yup.

\*  
\*

MITCHELL

You really think we can close this case in three weeks?

\*

FRAZIER

I do. Tell you what else. When we do, I will move Heaven and Earth to see that you get upped.

Mitchell has to think about that for a minute.

MITCHELL

You're on.

FRAZIER

That's my man.

MITCHELL

You know, they're not all white.

FRAZIER

Yeah, I read the brochure. "Excelsior strives to create an atmosphere of cultural diversity and social equality." The black girl and the Asian kid in the picture sure looked happy.

Mitchell chuckles.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Come and see me when you get back to the house. I'll find out about this Joseph Menkowitz.

MITCHELL

Yeah. Let me know how the hell a guy hits a moving target from a quarter mile. With one shot.



A patrolman and a city worker have come up from being in the sewers. Filthy and stinking.

PATROLMAN

Detective.

MITCHELL

Yeah  
(off the smell)  
Whoa!

PATROLMAN

Yeah, no shit. Look, we been all over down there. No diamonds.

Mitchell looks them both up and down, implying they might have diamonds on them.

MITCHELL

You certain?

PATROLMAN

You wanna frisk me? Go nuts.

Mitchell shrugs it off.

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELLS - LATER

Frazier stands at the open door of a holding cell as a young Asian DOCTOR finishes examining Joseph, who speaks like a thug from Brooklyn.

DOCTOR

He should be fine.

FRAZIER

Thanks, doctor.

Doctor exits.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

So what do you do when you're not having target practice on Fifth Avenue?

JOSEPH

That's about it. I used to watch the Knicks, but, y'know.

FRAZIER

What kind of gun was that?

JOSEPH

Dragunov SVD. It's Russian. It's not the best, but it's pretty light. Can I get out of here?

FRAZIER

Guy whose face you blew off was Russian. That a coincidence?

JOSEPH

No. I did that on purpose. Shot him right through the Lambda, (points to rear of his head) at the intersection of the Occipital and the Parietal.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Least we think he was Russian. You didn't leave us much more than his fingerprints to go on, and we haven't matched those yet.

JOSEPH

So can I get out outta here?

FRAZIER

I could put you away for a while for endangering public safety. Y'know? The City kind of frowns on guys firing rifles on Fifth Avenue during rush hour.

JOSEPH

Yeah? Then you'd be looking for five guys instead of four. And you wouldn't have any clues. So you're welcome.

Frazier motions for him to get up.

FRAZIER

Come on.

They start to exit the cell.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Aren't you a little old to be a sniper?

JOSEPH

Maybe. Aren't you a little black to be a lieutenant?

Frazier thinks that's an insult, but after a second, realizes that they've both just paid each other a compliment, and chuckles.

FRAZIER

Good point.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT

Taxis and taxi drivers come and go. All of the drivers are men from Russia and Eastern Europe.

ANATOLIE MOLDOVEANU, 55, a top Romanian gangster, owns the place, although not on paper. He sits in his office, which is raised like a loft, and overlooks the garage. He's overweight and thick, not slick. There's a knife scar clear across his neck.

Around him are three underlings. All tough as nails.

Below his office, slightly removed from the activity of the garage, sits his car: An armored Rolls Royce Phantom. It is built to withstand automatic weapons fire and grenades.

One of the surviving thieves, ALEXEI GAGARIN, 35, waits to see him, held back at the entrance by two of Moldoveanu's thugs. He has the frightened look on his face of someone who knows he messed up and is worried about the consequences.

Moldoveanu is watching the end of Monday Night Football. A flag has been thrown. The announcer explains. Ineligible receiver downfield. Very complicated.

Moldoveanu is listening and trying to understand, but he doesn't.

MOLDOVEANU

What? What? Fifteen years in this country. I still can not understand this game.

(to Gagarin)

Come.

They let him enter.

MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

Show me.

Gagarin reaches into his pocket and pulls out a small brown paper bag. He puts the bag on Moldoveanu's desk.

Moldoveanu spills the contents onto the desk. Twenty-five diamonds.

Gagarin starts to speak to him in Russian.

GAGARIN

I'm so sorry, Mr. Moldoveanu, but -

MOLDOVEANU

Do I look like a fucking Russian to you? Do I? Speak English.

GAGARIN

I am very sorry. Mr. Kuznetsov says he is sorry things did not work out, and that whatever you want to give us for these, he will accept.

MOLDOVEANU

He will accept?  
(to his aide)  
Show him.

The aide takes out a gym bag and opens it, revealing three million dollars.

MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

What for you think I have bag here filled with three million dollars?

GAGARIN

I know, but -

MOLDOVEANU

"But?" Because I take diamonds you were to bring me and sell them to some other guys. For four million. You know why I don't cut your head off and bring it to them instead? Do you?

(no answer)

Because they would still kill me. So, go back to your boss and figure out a way for me to fill their order.

GAGARIN

Da. OK. Da.

MOLDOVEANU

"Da?" You have ten days.  
(off the diamonds)  
I keep these as a penalty.  
(MORE)

## MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

And we won't even talk about what I'll do to you and your friends if you let me down. And I know your whole crew. Now get the fuck out of here.

(Gagarin leaves)  
Fucking Russian morons.

## INT. HOME OF DALTON RUSSELL - NIGHT

A twenty-five hundred square foot open plan apartment on the forty-fifth floor, with breath-taking views of Manhattan and Central Park through floor-to-ceiling windows. Seven million dollars, easily. And decorated to the nines, stark and modern.

We move through the apartment as we hear Dalton speaking on the phone. He enters and exits the frame in a towel, fresh from a shower.

## DALTON

When...? No. Forget about it... Mickey, would you just trust me? ... Don't worry about why. Please, just make some calls and make it happen... Thank you... "How's everything else?" I lost two men today, Mickey. There is nothing else... What do you think I'm gonna do...? Damn right... Later.

## INT. CEMENT MIXER GARAGE - NIGHT

Gagarin speaks to five other VOR in Russian, with subtitles. The leader is YURI KUZNETSOV, 45 and very tough.

## GAGARIN

He doesn't care who was there. He knows who all of us are. He made the deal with all of us.

## KUZNETSOV

Fuck him. Romanian son of a whore.

## GAGARIN

Fuck you. He gave us ten days. I say it's easier to find another store to rob than to go to war with this lunatic.

KUZNETSOV

Bullshit. If we kill him, we're doing the police a favor. They'll probably thank us.

\*

VOR 3

(sarcastically)

Sure. They'll give us all green cards.

Some laughs.

KUZNETSOV

I know how tough he is, but the police? That's forty-thousand men coming after us.

GAGARIN

They're already coming after us. What's there to lose? And if they get Yegor alive, they may find us.

VOR 1

Yegor won't talk.

VOR 3

You don't know that.

GAGARIN

Plus, we bring him diamonds, we get paid. Remember the money?

KUZNETSOV

If he doesn't decide to kill us anyway.

INT. APARTMENT OF KEITH FRAZIER - BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Frazier and his wife Sylvia are asleep in their two-bedroom apartment. It's not luxury, but it's nicer than their one-bedroom from a couple of years ago.

The phone rings, Frazier snaps up and gets it. Sylvia stirs but keeps sleeping.

FRAZIER

(groggy)

Frazier.

(clears throat)

Frazier. Oh hey chief. Yeah, I know, it's a fucking mess. Bill Mitchell's on top of it. Uh uh. I'm on vacation. Got a flight to Jamaica in...

(MORE)

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

(looks at his clock)

Christ. What?! They want me on it?  
Who the fuck is 'they'? Yeah? Well  
'they' can kiss my brass.

(hangs up)

Shit, ten hours from now my ass'll  
be in Negril.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CORNER OFFICE - MORNING (DAY 2)

Frazier sits at his desk, blankly staring out the window.

MITCHELL (O.S.)

This is bullshit.

But Frazier isn't paying attention. He's watching a plane  
fly away and thinking he should be on it.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Keith.

FRAZIER

Huh? Hey, how do you think I feel?  
Been waiting a year and a half to  
go on my honeymoon.

MITCHELL

I don't get it.

FRAZIER

Me neither. Somebody really wants  
me to run this case. And they knew  
who to call. I hung up on Chief  
Rittenhouse. Twenty minutes later  
the Commissioner called me.

MITCHELL

These people got some serious  
pull. Maybe I should be thankful.

FRAZIER

Probably. We ID the headless  
horseman in the car?

MITCHELL

No match in our files. We sent the  
prints off to DHS and FBI. Be a  
few days.

FRAZIER

Right, let's go over to St.  
Vincent's and check on the Ruskie  
they caught yesterday.

MITCHELL

I heard he was in a coma.

FRAZIER

In and out. We'll nudge him a little.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS FROM ABOVE - DAY

Frazier's car snakes through Manhattan traffic.

FRAZIER (V.O.)

What's his file say?

MITCHELL (V.O.)

Not a lot. Mikhael Gorodny. Born in Vol-go-grad, 1966, so he's forty-one. Immigrated in ninety-four. Eighteen months for armed robbery in '01.

FRAZIER (V.O.)

That it? Fuckin' choirboy. Nothing on what he did back in Russia? \*

MITCHELL (V.O.)

Nuclear physicist. But in his spare time he volunteered in an orphanage.

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Frazier and Mitchell stand over the bed where MIKHAEL GORODNY, 41, lays, semi-conscious, hooked up to tubes and machines. He's in bad shape.

Patrolmen stand guard in the room and in the hall.

Frazier tries, but can't get much out of him.

FRAZIER

Can you hear me, Michael? Hey. I'm Lieutenant Frazier, NYPD.

(gentle nudge)

Just blink if you can hear me.

Mikhael stares at Frazier.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a yes. Let me make this very simple for you.

(MORE)



FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Pretty soon my detectives are gonna come back to me with the names of the people you and your 'commrade' - the one with the hole in his head - normally roll with. We'll look 'em up and figure out which ones were in on that mess you made yesterday. Then it'll be too late for you to cut any kinda deal. Understand what I'm saying?

MITCHELL

(no response, then)

He's saying you've got a chance to help yourself out and tell us who else was with you, help us wrap this up quickly.

FRAZIER

That's correct. So whaddaya say?

No response from Mikhael. Frazier makes a show of looking at his watch, and with his finger...

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Tick tock, tick tock...

DALTON (O.S.)

You may be here for a while.

They turn to see Dalton standing in the doorway being denied admittance by the patrolman.

FRAZIER

Beg your pardon?

Dalton motions that he would like to be allowed to enter the room.

DALTON

May I?

Frazier walks to meet him at the door.

FRAZIER

No you may not. Do you have some information about this man?

DALTON

I was hoping to learn about him.

Frazier heads back to Gorodny.

FRAZIER

Please wait outside, Mr. Russell.

DALTON

Have you checked his knees?

Frazier and Mitchell look at each other quizzically.

They pull back the bed sheets and expose Gorodny's knees. On each knee is a tattoo of a skull.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What is it?

FRAZIER

Skulls.

DALTON

It means he'll die before he'll bow to anyone. Especially you.

Frazier motions for Dalton to come in.

Dalton enters and joins them at the bed.

He observes the man and his tattoos.

Dalton doesn't speak Russian, but he knows a few choice words. He asks Gorodny:

DALTON (CONT'D)

"Vor v Zakonye?"

Gorodny leers back at him and nods slowly, as though the response will strike fear in Dalton.

Dalton motions Frazier away from the man.

DALTON (CONT'D)

These are hardcore motherfuckers.

FRAZIER

What did you say to him?

DALTON

"Vor v Zakonye." Thieves in Law. Untouchables in Russia. Came up through the Gulags. Dead-enders. You don't flash your badge at these guys. You shoot first. And don't ask questions later.

FRAZIER

Great. How did you know about this?

\*

DALTON

I hear things. You now,  
Lieutenant, I'd really like it if  
you and I could pool our resources  
on this case.

Frazier looks at Dalton, bemused at such a silly request.

FRAZIER

Pool?

DALTON

Work together.

FRAZIER

Look, Mr. Russell -

DALTON

Dalton. Please.

FRAZIER

Dalton, I'm a Lieutenant with the  
NYPD. The way we like to work is  
that citizens, in this case, you,  
bring us whatever information they  
have. And then we go out there -  
with our guns and our badges - and  
we catch the bad guys.

DALTON

Of course, I just -

FRAZIER

So whatever else you know about  
this guy, let's hear it.

DALTON

Someone heard them speaking in  
Russian. That's all I know. But  
only the Vor would pull off what  
they did yesterday. So what've you  
guys got? You ID the dead guy yet?

\*

FRAZIER

No. Now get outta here.

(to patrolman)

Get Mr. Russell outta here.

Dalton exits as we close in on Gorodny's kneecaps.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

(softly, to Mitchell)

Find out what the dead guy had on  
his knees.

MITCHELL

Yeah.

INT. HOME OF AFRICAN TAXI DRIVER - BEDROOM - DAY

Galitski, gun in hand and cuffs dangling from one wrist, sits on the bed with his back up against the wall. He's bloody, short of breath, and in pain.

He eats from a plate of food. It's clearly African cuisine, and he's not appreciating it.

Seated across the small room, on the floor, are the taxi driver, Joseph Mwabe, his wife and three-year-old daughter. All are scared to death.

INT. APARTMENT OF DALTON RUSSELL - DAY

A group of Jewish men are seated on three couches which surround a large glass coffee table, and a few chairs.

They are a mixed collection. Two Hasidics; the two from Belgium who own Pincus and Sons; a father and son from South Africa, two Israelis; One Russian, and Bernard Melamed.

Dalton listens respectfully.

SOUTH AFRICAN FATHER

I don't know why we're even talking about this. Fucking kill them.

BELGIAN

I don't see the point of sinking to their level.

SOUTH AFRICAN SON

My father's right. Do we know who they are?

Melamed looks over at Dalton, who nods yes.

BELGIAN

I'm not a murderer.

SOUTH AFRICAN FATHER

How long was the flight from Belgium?

BELGIAN

What?!

SOUTH AFRICAN FATHER

Because I've just traveled clear  
across the world to get here. I'm  
not sitting around Antwerp making  
phone calls and eating waffles. In  
Africa, you dig into the Earth,  
you get your hands dirty.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

BELGIAN

That was my shop they blew up.

\*  
\*

RUSSIAN

This does not matter. They steal  
from one of us, they steal from  
all of us.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MELAMED

I think Abe has a point.

\*  
\*

SOUTH AFRICAN SON

Amen. We fight for those fucking  
stones.

\*  
\*  
\*

BELGIAN

I think we can all respect Abe's  
point. But this is not Africa, or  
Russia. Even if it felt like it  
yesterday.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MELAMED

David?

\*  
\*

RUSSIAN

Whatever. Stones are gone. There's  
no talking to these people. And  
police can do nothing.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

One of the Hasidics says something in Yiddish.

\*

MELAMED

He's right. The rest of us still  
have to do business in this town.  
Five more dead bodies, the Mayor's  
not going to take my phone calls.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The others, by their expressions, take his point.

\*

Melamed considers everything for a beat.

\*

He looks over at Dalton.

\*

DALTON

Give me two weeks.

\*  
\*

SOUTH AFRICAN SON

What are you going to do?  
 (to Melamed)  
 What's he going to do?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MELAMED

Dalton had always come through for us in the past. If he says he can fix this, I believe him.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. OFFICE OF MADELEINE WHITE - DAY

\*

MADELEINE WHITE sits on her couch, feet up on the table.

DALTON (V.O.)

I'm still working it out. But it's better than what you're talking about.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Across from her, on the other couch, sits ANDREW BOLGER, 45. He's much less relaxed.

BOLGER

I can't do it.

WHITE

Can't or won't?

BOLGER

Can't and won't.

WHITE

Andy, if I believed that, we wouldn't be having this conversation. Can't is can't. "Won't?" Won't is negotiable.

BOLGER

I don't know.

White bolts up from the couch and heads to her assistant, who is on the phone.

WHITE

Take your time. I've got work to do.

She juts her chin out in a motion that asks, "who's that on the phone?"

ASSISTANT

Some guy who wants to speak to you but won't give his name.

WHITE  
What's he saying?

ASSISTANT  
Something about 'tell her that I'm  
the voice on the other end of the  
phone.'

WHITE  
Take a message.

White returns to Bolger and sits. But she just stares at  
him.

Her assistant comes over and hands her a pink phone  
message note.

She reads it: "Murder will out."

It throws her a bit.

BOLGER  
So, is that it?

But White's not hearing him.

WHITE  
(to assistant)  
Get him on the phone.

ASSISTANT  
He didn't leave a number.

That throws her, too.

WHITE  
What?

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - DAY

A group of cops, both plainclothes and uniformed, wait  
around outside the room of the wounded officer.

Frazier speaks to one, CAPTAIN JOHN CARLUCCI, 45.  
Carlucci outranks Frazier.

FRAZIER  
What's the story?

CARLUCCI  
Bullet hit the spleen. They had to  
remove most of it.

FRAZIER

Shit.

CARLUCCI

At least he'll live. So whaddaya got?

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

I dunno. No ID on the dead guy yet. And the guy in there's not talking.

CARLUCCI

Well, he better start talking, or someone here's gonna accidentally trip over the plug to those machines he's hooked up to.

FRAZIER

Yeah, well, see if you can make sure they don't.

(a beat)

For a few days, anyway.

CARLUCCI

Yeah.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREETS - EARLY EVENING

Rush hour scenes.

Dalton leans against a side of an Audi A6, facing the entrance to an office building.

Madeleine White exits the building.

As she walks towards Dalton, and then turns down the street, she notices Dalton's gaze on her.

She stops, facing away from him.

DALTON

I'm looking for someone to protect my interests.

White suspected. Now she knows.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Could we speak in private?

Dalton opens the front passenger door for her.

\*



INT. AUDI A6 - MOMENTS LATER

Dalton at the wheel. White in the passenger seat. \*

WHITE

What do you want?

DALTON

I need a lawyer.

WHITE

This city's got more lawyers than pigeons. You shouldn't have trouble -

DALTON

I want you.

WHITE

I'm not accepting any new clients right now.

DALTON

My name is -

WHITE

I don't want to know your name.

DALTON

Relax.

WHITE

Why wouldn't I be relaxed? Arthur Case is dead. I've got nothing to worry about. \*

DALTON \*

Do you recognize me? \*

WHITE \*

From the bank? Not at all. But I never pictured you with a smile. You're English? \*

DALTON \*

I might be. \*

WHITE \*

I'm curious what makes you feel confident enough to expose yourself to me. \*

DALTON

I can't imagine you'd want me to go down for the Manhattan Trust episode, and take you with me.

\*

\*

WHITE

It's not something I lose sleep over.

\*

DALTON

That's what I figured. In fact, as far as I know, you haven't really done anything wrong.

WHITE

That's right.

DALTON

But you do manage a not-for-profit called Metropolitan Assistance. Correct?

WHITE

Correct.

DALTON

And a political action committee called United for Progress, which you use to further the campaigns of certain political candidates.

WHITE

I am affiliated with that organization.

DALTON

Well, two years ago I contributed eighty-three thousand to one and sixty-seven to the other.

WHITE

Really?

DALTON

Really. And last year I gave fifty-nine and ninety-one. I'll save you the math. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars each year.

White's face drops.

WHITE

Dalton Russell.

DALTON

In the flesh.

WHITE

We spoke on the phone last year.

DALTON

(chuckling)

That was hilarious. The whole time I could see you asking yourself "why is this poor fool putting money into my slush fund and not asking for anything in return?"

WHITE

And now you are.

DALTON

Someone who didn't know better might come to the conclusion that you were blackmailing me. Now why would that be?

WHITE

(stunned)

Holy shit.

\*

DALTON

Yeah.

WHITE

What do you want from me?

DALTON

Like I said, I need an attorney.

WHITE

Why?

DALTON

I'm about to be arrested.

WHITE

Well, I have several colleagues that handle criminal defense -

DALTON

No. I wanna hire you.

WHITE

Why?

DALTON

Because I can.

WHITE

What are you being arrested for?

DALTON

What else? For stealing diamonds.

ON THE STREET --

We pull away from the car.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - MAIN ROOM - EARLY EVENING

We look in through the glass at Frazier in his office, being told the way it's going to be by POLICE COMMISSIONER REGAN, 58, white.

Frazier's not liking it, but he's taking it.

Dalton Russell looks on from the waiting area.

Voices in the office are raised, and we hear

REGAN

Look, Lieutenant, I got two dead civilians, a cop fighting for his life, and at least three armed and dangerous running around my city. Maybe more. And we know jack shit about these guys. And until we find them, you're gonna do whatever it takes. Are we clear?

FRAZIER

Yeah, clear.

REGAN

Good.

Regan stands, they shake hands. \*

Regan observes the wall devoted to Dalton. \*

REGAN (CONT'D) \*

Some dreams die hard, I guess. \*

FRAZIER \*

You don't think I'll get him? \*

REGAN \*

Whatever. \*

FRAZIER \*

Hundred bucks? \*

REGAN  
 Exactly when would I collect on  
 this bet?

FRAZIER  
 How's a year?

REGAN  
 You're on.  
 (beat)  
 Just don't beat up the wrong guy  
 this time.

FRAZIER  
 Don't worry about it.

REGAN  
 I do worry about it. That guy you  
 tackled last year cost the city  
 two hundred grand.

Regan leaves.

Frazier exits his office and closes the door

FRAZIER  
 Will you be needing an office?  
 Apparently, I just work here.

DALTON  
 Lieutenant, the people I work for  
 manage the flow of billions of  
 dollars in money and diamonds. You  
 don't think they're going to leave  
 it up to the NYPD to protect all  
 of that on their own, do you?

FRAZIER  
 I see your point.

Frazier leads Dalton out of the precinct.

DALTON  
 Thank you.

FRAZIER  
 Now here's mine. This is a two-way  
 street. You gotta come clean right  
 now with whatever you know, 'cos  
 if I start to feel like you're  
 dead weight, I don't care what  
 Commissioner Regan says, I'll find  
 a way to ditch the both of you.

DALTON

The diamonds were supposed to go to a fellow named Anatolie Moldoveanu.

(Mol-do-vay-nu)

You know him?

FRAZIER

Yeah, he's my bridge partner... Refresh my memory.

DALTON

Romanian gangster. Very tough. Antisocial, you might say. He grew up in a Romanian orphanage, which... is not a nice place to grow up.

FRAZIER

So Gorodny and the other guys work for him?

DALTON

Not really. But he was expecting them to turn up with the goods. Now he's pissed off.

FRAZIER

So these guys gotta stay clear of Romania.

DALTON

(chuckles)

How about fifty-third and Eleventh? He works out of a taxi-garage he controls. Oh, wait a minute. You know how to make a Romanian omelette?

FRAZIER

How do you know all of this? \*

DALTON

It's my job to know. I've got resources and connections in this world that you don't. And sometimes, I can do things the police can't.

FRAZIER

If these Vor guys are as hard as you say, why are they scared of him?

Frazier's cell phone rings. \*

DALTON

I'm not saying they are. Maybe they'll just go to war with him. In the end, that's probably the best solution. But I doubt you'd agree.

He answers the phone. It's Sylvia.

FRAZIER

Hey baby. Dinner? Yeah, I may have to put that off 'til tomorrow.

(looks at Dalton)

Something's come up.

DALTON

No, please... May I make a suggestion?

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS HOTEL - REAR BAR - EARLY EVENING \*

Madeleine White sits alone at a table for four, marking up changes to a printed document. The place is packed, and others would love to get those chairs. \*

Her phone vibrates. She checks the caller ID and answers. \*

WHITE \*

How are you? Great. Have you got your microscope? Good. I need you to crawl up someone's ass. \*

EXT. CAPITALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

The impressive Greco-Roman facade of the restaurant housed in a former bank building, bathed in floodlights.

INT. CAPITALE RESTAURANT - EVENING

Frazier and Sylvia are escorted through an ultra-elegant restaurant. The room is enormous. The ceilings are sixty feet high, with Corinthian marble columns and ornate Greco-Roman detailing everywhere.

The patrons are generally wealthy and well-dressed, plus a smattering of young models, gay men, and whatever else.

They reach their table for four, where Dalton is seated, along with his girlfriend, THERESA, 24, Swedish and very attractive.

Dalton stands to greet them.

DALTON  
Lieutenant, thank you so much for  
coming.

FRAZIER  
My wife, Sylvia. This is Dalton  
Russell.

DALTON  
It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs.  
Frazier.

SYLVIA  
Nice to meet you as well.

DALTON  
This is Theresa.

FRAZIER  
This place is incredible.

DALTON  
Isn't it? It was built as a bank.

MOMENTS LATER --

All are seated and drinks are on the table.

DALTON  
First of all, I want to apologize.

SYLVIA  
What for?

DALTON  
Well, I'm partly responsible for  
you having to delay your  
honeymoon.

SYLVIA  
Is that so?

DALTON  
I'm afraid so. But the people I  
work for feel that your husband is  
the man they need on this case.



FRAZIER

And they spread a lot of money around this town, so when they don't think they're getting top notch personal attention, they know how to make everyone else miserable.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

Well said. You should take it as a compliment.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

(to Sylvia)  
So am I off the hook?

\*

SYLVIA

For now.

DALTON

Speaking of which, perhaps when this business is finished, you might consider - they pay very well.

FRAZIER

Work for you?

DALTON

With.

They pick up their menus. Dalton has noticed the two-carat diamond engagement ring Sylvia is wearing.

FRAZIER

What do you recommend?

DALTON

Try the Romanian omelette. I must say, Mrs. Frazier, that is an exquisite engagement ring you're wearing.

SYLVIA

(off the ring)  
Why, thank you. It's one thing he did not want to mess up.

DALTON

May I?

SYLVIA

Sure.

She holds her hand out and he inspects the ring.

DALTON

Two carats. F color. VS1?

FRAZIER

VS2.

DALTON

Wow. That is one impressive stone.  
Your husband knows his diamonds.

(to Frazier)

You must've been saving your  
pennies for quite some time,  
Lieutenant.

FRAZIER

I know a guy who knows a guy.

DALTON

I'll bet you do. A diamond like  
that doesn't just fall into your  
lap.

\*

Dalton stares into Frazier's eyes. Frazier is  
uncomfortable.

FRAZIER

Nothing worthwhile ever does. But  
if you're patient, everything you  
need eventually comes to you. As  
for that, I did my homework.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

I'm sure you did.

FRAZIER

Don't worry about it. Look, I  
can't recognize half the stuff on  
this menu. What's good here?

Dalton is barely suppressing the ear-to-ear grin he's  
feeling on the inside. It's not everyday that you realize  
you own a police Lieutenant.

\*

DALTON

(beaming)

Everything.

\*

EXT. HOME OF KEITH FRAZIER - MORNING (DAY 3)

Frazier exits to find Dalton leaning against his car.

DALTON

Good morning, Lieutenant.

FRAZIER

I'm heading over to our Russian OC task force in Brooklyn.

DALTON

Gonna see what the NYPD can tell us about the Vor V Zakonye?

FRAZIER

Something like that. You coming?

DALTON

After you. \*

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BROOKLYN - DAY \*

Frazier and Dalton get a briefing from DETECTIVES ROSENZWEIG, 31, and MURRAY, 40.

ROSENZWEIG

Regular Russian mob's been coming over since the seventies, when the Soviets started letting Jews emigrate.

MURRAY

They knew what they were doing. Got rid of some serious riff-raff.

ROSENZWEIG

Those guys are roughly equivalent to our Italian Mafia. They run shit, and they can get plenty violent when they need to, if someone steps outta line. But they'll avoid it if they can. Took a huge chunk of concrete from the wops.

FRAZIER

What do you mean? Why?

ROSENZWEIG

I mean they took a huge chunk of the concrete business. They're not afraid of the wops.

MURRAY

More like the other way around.

ROSENZWEIG

But the Vor, they're more like the Latin Kings or MS13.

(MORE)

ROSENZWEIG (CONT'D)

Prison gangs with their own rituals and language. They're all about the violence. You gotta kill someone to join.

MURRAY

We only started seeing these guys in the past ten years.

Murray hits a remote control and a mug shot of a very tough looking Russian appears on a screen.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Check out this fucking altarboy. Vlachislav Nabukin, one of their top guys. Came over here in ninety-nine.

FRAZIER

Where's he locked up?

ROSENZWEIG

Feds got him on immigration charges. He was doing four years in Connecticut.

FRAZIER

What happened? Is he out?

MURRAY

Never. He got into it with some Columbian Cartel guy inside. Ripped his eye out and finger-fucked his brain.

(mimics with two fingers)

Poor fucker took a month to die.

FRAZIER

Nice. So what do you have on Moldoveanu?

MURRAY

Nothing we can use. But he's very very tough.

ROSENZWEIG

He was in the *Securitat*. The Romanian secret police. Very connected to lots of former KGB guys. Came here twenty years ago.

MURRAY

Smart, too. He ran that big gasoline tax scam. Practically invented it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

You mean that thing where they moved all the gasoline through different companies and pocketed all the tax? That was him?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MURRAY

Yup. Got so big that Gotti showed up demanding a cut. Moldoveanu told him to fuck off.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROSENZWEIG

Now he's got a get out of jail free card from the CIA. Nobody'll tell us why.

\*

MURRAY

But nobody wants to fuck with him. The Russians have the numbers, and the balls. But these Romanians are fucking mean. The Russians don't scare them. Never did.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

What do you mean?

\*  
\*

MURRAY

Back in the Cold War, Russians occupied all the East Bloc countries. You know, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, whatever. All except Romania.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROSENZWEIG

They'll work together if it suits them, but they fucking hate each other.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Great. So what's gonna happen now that this deal went south for them?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ROSENZWEIG

My guess? They got two choices. Find this guy some diamonds, or go to war.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

INT. RASPUTIN RESTAURANT/NIGHTCLUB - EVENING

Dalton and Frazier sit at a table as a waiter brings an array of exotic foods from Russia.

A beautiful woman sings on the nearby stage. The place is populated by a mix of Manhattan tourists and dangerous local Russians.

Frazier's the only black in the place.

FRAZIER  
This place is colorful.

DALTON  
It is now.

FRAZIER  
Why am I eating all this crap?

DALTON  
You might learn something. All the world's history is in its food. \*

FRAZIER  
Great. But we're in America now.  
(jokes)  
Grits, Dummy.

Frazier laughs at his own joke.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
We had this TV miniseries. Roots -

DALTON  
I saw Roots.

FRAZIER  
Oh yeah?

DALTON  
We had TV in England when I was a kid.

FRAZIER  
Well, Fiddler's showing Kunta Kinte his food and he's like, "you in America now. Grits, dummy." As if he should know. I just think it's funny. By the way, you ordered crab cakes last night.

DALTON  
And?

FRAZIER  
I thought you guys didn't eat shellfish or pork.

DALTON

Oh, I'm not Jewish.

FRAZIER

Really? The guy who protects all those jewels? I'm surprised.

DALTON

They trust me.

FRAZIER

Yeah? Well, there's the people you trust, then there's the people you trust with a billion dollars in diamonds.

DALTON

Then I'm the guy they trust with a billion dollars in diamonds.

FRAZIER

How do they know you're not a thief?

DALTON

They know I am a thief.

\*

FRAZIER

Come again.

DALTON

Stealing something and protecting something - it's basically the same sport. Think of it as football. Offense and defense.

FRAZIER

Who's your source on this guy Moldoveanu's? How do you know he's involved?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

Sorry. Can't do that.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Then my judge can't issue a warrant.

\*  
\*

DALTON

Which judge?

FRAZIER

Judge Pasqua.

DALTON

We could go to one of my judges.

FRAZIER

Such as?

DALTON

Morgenstern, Janowitz, Kaplan -

FRAZIER

I get the point. No thanks.

DALTON

I know a really good lawyer who could help you out. She owes me a favor. We could go see her right now.

We cut to the performer for a moment, and to some patrons who are brought to a corner table nearby, but we don't get a good look at them.

FRAZIER

Don't worry about it. Sooner or later, one of these guys'll stick his head out and we'll find him.

DALTON

That's the plan?

FRAZIER

That's a part of it.

DALTON

I hate to burst your bubble, Lieutenant, but these guys aren't hiding from you or the NYPD.

FRAZIER

Is that a fact?

DALTON

It is.

FRAZIER

OK, Mr. Know-it-all. Where are they?

DALTON

(nods)

Right over there.

Frazier turns and looks at the table of men we saw arriving moments earlier. They're all looking at him.



He turns back to Dalton, nervous but stoic.

FRAZIER

The hell are you talking about?

DALTON

They're not hiding from you.  
What're you gonna do, call it in?  
ESU's gonna roll in here with a  
hundred men and take these guys  
in? What do you think that would  
look like?

FRAZIER

They know who I am?

DALTON

(chuckles)

What do you think? They got a call  
the moment we walked in. They came  
right over.

FRAZIER

What the hell is this?

DALTON

Relax. Nobody's gonna get hurt. I  
just thought you should see it  
with your own eyes. Now that you  
have, I say we get the hell out of  
here.

MOMENTS LATER --

The Vor are enjoying their meal and laughing it up.

In the center seat of the corner booth sits Yuri  
Kuznetsov.

He looks up and sees something unexpected.

Frazier has come right over to the table.

Kuznetsov speaks to Frazier in Russian. One of the others  
translates in both directions.

KUZNETSOV

You look lost. Can I help you?

FRAZIER

That would be very nice of you. I  
need to get back to the United  
States of America in the twenty-  
first century.

KUZNETSOV

(smiles, looks  
around)

This is it.

FRAZIER

Then why are you getting ready for  
World War Two with the Romanians.

Kuznetsov says something, probably a racial insult, which  
isn't translated. Then...

KUZNETSOV

Russians fought with Romania  
against the Nazis.

FRAZIER

Great. Maybe you can all get along  
today.

KUZNETSOV

Do you know this Romanian  
bloodsucker? He is butcher. He  
does not respect anyone or  
anything.

(joking)

You should arrest him.

Then Kuznetsov says something to another in Russian, but  
we recognize the word 'nigger' in there. As does Frazier.

FRAZIER

The fuck'd you just call me?

Kuznetsov looks directly at Frazier and speaks very poor  
English.

KUZNETSOV

You run home now.

\*

But Frazier's not gonna take the bait. He smiles.

FRAZIER

You wanna say that to my face like  
a man? Or you just gonna hide  
behind your boyfriends like a  
little pussy?

Kuznetsov laughs.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

That's what I thought. When you're  
ready to step out into the real  
world, I'll be there.

Frazier turns to leave, pauses, and holds his wrists out as though he's in handcuffs.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Then we'll see who's the nigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE OF RASPUTIN - NIGHT \*

Frazier and Dalton exit and keep walking briskly. Frazier is pissed at Dalton, and Dalton knows it.

Neither says anything for a while, then --

FRAZIER

You ever put me in a spot like that again, you'll wish you hadn't.

DALTON

I'm really sorry. I had no idea it would go that far.

FRAZIER

(to himself)

How far'd you think it would go? Genius.

But Dalton knows that wasn't a question, so he doesn't respond for a beat. Then, to break the tension --

DALTON

Next time, you'll choose the restaurant.

FRAZIER

Maybe I'll just step out of the way and let these animals kill each other. \*

DALTON \*

Would that be so bad?

FRAZIER \*

I don't give a damn what happens to these guys. But I got citizens out here to serve and protect.

DALTON

But if you could? If you could just throw them all into a pit and let them tear at each other until most of them were dead?

FRAZIER

We do that. It's called Ossining Correctional Facility. Sing Sing.

DALTON

Sure, but you gotta convict them first.

FRAZIER

I may just drop by and get a look at this Moldoveanu. Rattle his cage a little, see what comes loose.

DALTON

I like that. See if he'll tell you how to make a Romanian omelette.

They reach Frazier's car.

FRAZIER

What is it with the Romanian omelettes?

DALTON

You wanna know how to make one?

FRAZIER

No.

(cell rings, he  
answers)

Frazier. Where? On my way.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Got a tip on the one who caught a bullet. In the Bronx.

Both get into the car.

EXT. STREET - BRONX - NIGHT

A row of apartments.

ESU has both ends of the block closed off.

They're in cover positions.

In the background, we see that Frazier has left Dalton away from the action, in with the uniforms handling the crowd.

Mitchell, in a bulletproof vest, is in charge on the scene as Frazier arrives and puts his vest on.

FRAZIER

Ey.

MITCHELL

Hey, Keith. He's holding a family in there. Wants a doctor. He fired off a bunch of rounds when we arrived.

FRAZIER

We got any visual?

MITCHELL

Just the sniper in the rear. But we can't go over there without giving away the position.

FRAZIER

All right.

IN THE REAR, on the roof of the house across the backyard, a sniper lays on his stomach, looking through his gunsight at Galitsky.

INT. BRIGHTON BEACH APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

SIMON, on of the Vor we recognize from the heist and the restaurant, has just finished having sex with a Russian Prostitute named IRINA, 28, in her apartment. The place is a shit hole, and the 50-inch plasma TV barely fits. It might as well have a sign on it that says 'stolen'.

He lights a cigarette. She gets out of bed, completely naked and very sexy.

She exits the bedroom.

SIMON

(in Russian)  
Something to drink.

He grabs the remote and turns on the TV.

He watches TV for a minute. No Irina.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Bring me a drink.

His face drops as FOUR LARGE ROMANIANS, some of whom we know from Moldoveanu's office, enter, armed.

He jumps for his gun on the chair, but one of the Romanians puts a bullet in his stomach.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
Fucking whore!

\*  
\*

EXT. STREET - BRONX - NIGHT

\*

Frazier is on the phone with Galitsky, whose English is terrible.

\*

FRAZIER  
I've got a doctor on the way, but  
why don't you let them come out  
now?

GALITSKY  
Fuck you! I let them go, you kill  
me.

FRAZIER  
No, man. I don't wanna do that.

GALITSKY  
You send doctor in first. Then I  
let them go.

\*

FRAZIER  
How can I? I'd be giving you  
another hostage.

GALITSKY  
I kill man first. Fifteen minutes.  
Maybe then you stop fucking with  
me.

\*

Galitsky hangs up.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

\*

Simon, shot in the stomach and brutally beaten, lays on  
the concrete floor in pants but no shirt.

\*

\*

Moldoveanu's men hang around, as Moldoveanu enters.

\*

MOLDOVEANU  
Anything?

\*

\*

THUG  
No.

\*

\*

He kneels down by Simon. He runs his fingers through  
Simon's hair. The sight of Simon, bleeding, suffering and  
dying would repulse most men. Moldoveanu's practically  
aroused by it.

\*

\*

\*

\*

MOLDOVEANU

Tell me they're going to find me  
some diamonds. For your own sake,  
convince me.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

THUG

Yob Vos.

\*  
\*

MOLDOVEANU

Fuck me? Fuck me?

\*  
\*

Moldoveanu stands, walks over to his lieutenant, whispers  
in his ear.

\*  
\*

EXT. STREET - BRONX - TEN MINUTES LATER

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE CROWD ASSEMBLED AND THE ESU

\*

Frazier stands back, closer to Dalton.

DALTON

Frazier!

Frazier looks at Dalton, who is asking to be allowed to  
approach and be heard.

Frazier nods his assent.

The PATROLMAN lets Dalton pass. Frazier comes up to him.

\*

DALTON (CONT'D)

You have to let the ESU handle  
this.

FRAZIER

Really? So, on top of everything  
else, you're an expert in hostage  
negotiation.

DALTON

(grins)

The depth of my knowledge in this  
field would astound you.

FRAZIER

Great.

DALTON

Trust me on this. You will not  
take this guy without a fight.  
He'll die before he surrenders,  
and he'll take as many hostages  
and cops with him as he can.

FRAZIER

And just how the fuck do you know this?

DALTON

You know it, too. You saw those guys tonight. Think about Forty-Seventh Street and the Library. And Gagarin in the hospital.

Frazier doesn't respond, but he's mulling it.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Even if you manage to take him alive, he's not gonna tell you squat.

Mitchell calls out to Frazier.

MITCHELL

Keith!

Frazier runs back to Mitchell, who's on the radio with the sniper.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

He's got a gun to the guy's head.

Frazier contemplates, and looks at Dalton.

Dalton stares back, with emphasis.

FRAZIER

They got a shot?

MITCHELL

Yeah.

FRAZIER

(off Mitchell's radio)

Gimme that.

(into radio, to sniper)

It's Frazier. What's the story?

SNIPER

He's got a gun to the guy's head and he's looking at the clock.

FRAZIER

Does he know you can see him?

SNIPER

No. It's not for show.



FRAZIER  
You have a clean shot?

SNIPER  
Absolutely.

A long beat while Frazier contemplates. Scratches his scalp. Then, softly...

FRAZIER  
Take it.

FROM THE SNIPER'S POV --

Galitsky, agitated, moves in and out of the sniper's view, as he threatens Mwabe.

He steps back into the cross-hairs and pauses.

The sniper fires.

Galitsky is hit. He goes straight down. Dead.

FRAZIER --

SNIPER (ON RADIO)  
Got him. He's dead.

FRAZIER  
Everybody move!

ESU swings into action and bursts into the apartment.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
(to sniper)  
All right. Good work.

DALTON  
You did the right thing.

FRAZIER  
Get the fuck away from me.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT

Cabs and drivers come and go.

INT. FRAZIER'S CAR - PARKED - NIGHT

Frazier and Mitchell sit, looking across the street at Moldoveanu's taxi garage.

\*

FRAZIER

You gonna miss this.

MITCHELL

What? Sitting around and waiting?

FRAZIER

No. You're gonna do plenty of that. Waiting for some rich kid to get hit in the eye with a spitball. No, this. Cop shit. I know you feel that tension. I do.

MITCHELL

Don't make me do this.

FRAZIER

Do what?

MITCHELL

Have this debate. 'Cos if I defend myself, I'm gonna sound like I'm putting you down.

FRAZIER

You don't gotta worry about hurting my feelings. Go, let it out.

MITCHELL

You do this job for you, or to - y'know - make a difference?

FRAZIER

Deep.

MITCHELL

Whatever.

FRAZIER

No, it's a fair question. There's no simple answer. Sure, there's a ton of politics. And I don't always know the secret handshake. And it hasn't escaped me that we are flies in the buttermilk. But I love being a cop.

\*

MITCHELL

I hear you. It just gets frustrating.

FRAZIER

Of course it does. But we're all in it together. Brothers in arms.  
(MORE)

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

So how 'bout we go in there and dance all over this menace to society?

MITCHELL

Absolutely.

\*

They open their doors to exit the car.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Before you go getting all Brokeback on me.

INT. TAXI GARAGE - NIGHT

Frazier and Mitchell walk past the armored Rolls Royce Phantom and take notice of it.

FRAZIER

What do you think of that?

\*  
\*

MITCHELL

Bulletproof?

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Hell yeah. Take an army to get at you in that thing.

\*  
\*  
\*

They reach Moldoveanu's office and are allowed to enter.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

How ya doin'? I'm Lieutenant Frazier of the NYPD. This is Detective Mitchell.

\*

MOLDOVEANU

Very glad you are here, Lieutenant. Neighbors are playing rap music very loud in the night. I worry this is bad for neighborhood.

FRAZIER

I'll make this very simple. I met a bunch of angry looking Russians today. In fact, I killed one of them tonight. I got another one laying in a hospital bed. And he ain't going anywhere. Pretty soon one of three things is gonna happen. Either he's gonna make a deal and give up the rest of you. Or we're gonna take down the rest of them on our own.

(MORE)

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Or you're gonna tell me what I need to know to put them away.

MITCHELL

Option three's the one where you don't go to jail.

MOLDOVEANU

I not understand this. In Romania, state police come into your home and threaten you like this. But not America.

FRAZIER

(sarcastic)

Oh, am I frightening you? No, please.

MOLDOVEANU

Sir, please. I come to this country in 1986. I drive taxicab night and day. Save up my money. Buy my own taxi medallion. Today I am successful businessman. American dream.

FRAZIER

(mocks pleasure)

Ah, that's great. Stories like that just melt my heart. And now you drive around in a fucking tank? I think you may have misunderstood some of the dream's finer points.

MOLDOVEANU

I think no.

FRAZIER

Right.

(drops card on desk)

That's my number. Either you're gonna call me, or I'll be back one of these days, and you'll get a ride in the back seat of my car. Your choice.

DOWNSTAIRS --

Frazier and Mitchell stop as they pass the dispatcher.

Frazier keys the mic and speaks to the drivers over the PA system.

FRAZIER

Could I have everyone's attention,  
please? My name is Lieutenant  
Frazier, of the NYPD. This is  
Detective Mitchell.

Frazier waves his arm like he's hailing a cab.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

You ever see one of us, or anyone  
else that looks like us, doing  
this out on the street. You stop  
and pick us up. Thank you.

EXT. OCEANVIEW AVENUE - BRIGHTON BEACH - EARLY MORNING  
(DAY 4)

An old Russian 'Babushka' woman waddles past a couple of  
storefronts. All the riot gates are down. She reaches her  
own shop, a food store, and unlocks the padlocks on her  
riot gate.

She notices a large bundled-up drop-cloth blocking the  
store next to her.

She raises her riot gate. She's about to enter her store,  
when she decides to inspect this strange bundle.

Peeling back come cloth, she sees the disfigured face of  
Simon. His mouth is sewn shut.

She recoils in horror.

EXT. CEMETERY - MORNING

We come upon a large policeman's funeral, for the officer  
slain in the shoot-out on the Library steps.

We hear bagpipes, as the coffin goes down.

We see the slain officer's family: A sobbing wife, two  
older brothers in their late thirties, and a son and two  
daughters, in their teens and pre-teens.

Frazier and Mitchell are in attendance.

We also recognize Captain Carlucci from the hospital.

The funeral breaks up.

MOMENTS LATER --

Frazier is speaking with Carlucci. We see it from a distance.

From Frazier's lips and gestures, we get the gist of it. He's describing Simon's corpse: "They cut his fucking balls off and stuck 'em into his mouth and sewed it shut."

INT. OFFICE OF MADELEINE WHITE - LATER

White sits at the coffee table, across from CRAIG SAVAGE, 50, retires FBI, now a private investigator. He's a gentleman, in a suit and tie.

WHITE

So, let's hear it.

SAVAGE

Interesting character. Know where he's from?

WHITE

Not England?

SAVAGE

He's actually French by birth. Born in Algeria. His parents were both killed there when he was four.

WHITE

Wow.

SAVAGE

The Russells, British Foreign Service workers from Surrey, found him in an orphanage and adopted him. Brought him back to London a few years later. Eventually made his way to Oxford on a scholarship for

(checks his notes)  
pugilism?

WHITE

That's a fancy word for boxing.

SAVAGE

Oh, yeah. But what the heck is 'eight-man skulls?'

WHITE

Crew. He rowed. Anything useful.

SAVAGE

Like, perhaps, killing a man in  
Zimbabwe in 1989?

\*  
\*  
\*

WHITE

O-Kay. Go on.

\*  
\*

INT. DALTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

\*

He packs a carry-on bag.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Detective Mitchell sits at a desk, poring over files of  
Russian gangsters.

We see various pictures of hard-looking men, with long  
arrest records.

ECU on several with knife scars, bullet wounds, missing  
fingers, tattoos.

A set of knees with 'X's tattooed on them, similar to  
Gorodny.

We see the words 'Vor V Zakonye'.

The telephone rings. Mitchell answers. We hear both  
sides.

MITCHELL

Mitchell.

DISPATCHER

Got a call for you.

MITCHELL

Who is it?

DISPATCHER

She wouldn't give a name.

MITCHELL

All right. Put it through.

(clicks in)

This is Detective Mitchell.

STEVIE

Hello, Detective.

MITCHELL

Hello. How can I help you?

STEVIE

You and Lieutenant Frazier are trying to figure out who was behind that blood bath on Fifth Avenue a few days ago. Right?

MITCHELL

Do you have some information on that?

STEVIE

Well, I know a tall, smooth-talking Englishman who might.

MITCHELL

What are you saying?

STEVIE

I'm saying, if you paid him a visit, you might find a few diamonds in his house that don't belong to him.

Click. She's hung up.

EXT. LUXURY HIGH-RISE BUILDING - NIGHT

Dalton exits the building and gets into an airport limo with only his carry-on bag.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

The driver, ALI, 44, Pakistani, has a heavy accent, and is hard to understand. Dalton struggles, but manages.

ALI

Twelve years I am here in America.

DALTON

Your family here as well?

ALI

Mostly back in Pakistan.

DALTON

So you send them money?

ALI

Of course.

DALTON

You like it here?



ALI  
No. Very bad.

DALTON  
Really? Why?

ALI  
America very corrupt. Very racist.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Mitchell drives and follows Dalton's limo. He speaks to Frazier by phone.

MITCHELL  
It's one of those car services you get to go to the airport. The car number is 2487.

IN THE LIMO --

ALI  
Israelis responsible.

DALTON  
For 9/11?

ALI  
Yes. You know three thousand Israelis were warned. Stay away from World Trade Center on that day.

DALTON  
You seriously believe that?

\*

ALI  
It is true. Only Israel able to carry out such a thing. You think Osama Bin Laden can do this? How can he do this?

DALTON  
He admitted it.

ALI  
That was fake. CIA can make these videos.

DALTON  
Don't you think George Bush set it up?

ALI

Yes.

Now Dalton's clearly just messing with him.

DALTON

Sure. That's why he invaded Iraq. Right after the war they built a pipeline and now all the oil flows right to Israel.

ALI

I know about this. Israelis control everything in this country. Wall Street, television networks, politicians.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

You know Bush is half Jewish, right? His mother Barbara.

\*

ALI

My friend. I think you are joking with me. The Israelis steal the Palestinians' land and treat them like dogs. What should they expect from the poor Palestinians?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

It's a complicated problem.

\*  
\*

ALI

Maybe. Van Wyck is fucked up. You want me to take the service road?

\*  
\*  
\*

INT. FRAZIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

\*

He's on the cell to Mitchell and on the land line to HQ.

FRAZIER

(into cell)

The car's headed to Terminal 8. That's mostly international flights.

MITCHELL

What should I do?

FRAZIER

(into cell)

Just follow him into the terminal and find out where he's headed. I'll get there as soon as I can.

(into land line)

(MORE)

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Yeah, can you put me through to  
Port Authority?

INT. JFK TERMINAL 8 - NIGHT

\*

Dalton steps up to the first class check-in counter.

Mitchell watches from a distance.

Dalton heads to security screening.

As he steps away from the check-in counter, Mitchell  
speaks to Frazier by phone.

MITCHELL

He's on American flight 951 to Sao  
Paulo, Brazil. With a return  
Sunday night, arrives back Monday  
morning.

FRAZIER (O.S.)

(on phone)  
Think he's planning on coming  
back?

MITCHELL

Don't know. He could be bringing  
the stones there and coming back.  
Either way.

FRAZIER (O.S.)

(on phone)  
All right. He at the gate?

MITCHELL

Nope. Ambassador's lounge. First  
class passengers only.

FRAZIER (O.S.)

Right. See you there in ten.

INT. AMBASSADOR'S LOUNGE - KENNEDY AIRPORT - NIGHT

Dalton sits in a chair, reading French newspaper "Le  
Monde". A half full glass of champagne rests at his side.

FRAZIER (O.S.)

What'd you think? You bought me  
dinner, so then you get to fuck  
me?

Dalton puts down the paper.

DALTON  
 Lieutenant Frazier.  
 (looks around)  
 Detective Mitchell. Hello.  
 (to Frazier)  
 I beg your pardon.

FRAZIER  
 (off Dalton's carry-  
 on)  
 You can let me have a look in  
 there now, or we can wait until  
 you try and board the plane. Then,  
 if I find what I'm looking for, I  
 can add a few federal charges.

The smile fades from Dalton's face as he thinks about it.

DALTON  
 Be my guest.

Frazier goes into the bag and removes a small black  
 pouch.

He looks at Mitchell, then at Dalton.

Frazier opens the pouch and finds

FIFTY DIAMONDS.

DALTON (CONT'D)  
 There's a relatively innocent  
 explanation for that.

FRAZIER  
 Relatively? Well, I can't wait to  
 hear it.

DALTON  
 Believe me, you're really going to  
 love it. Sadly, you'll have to  
 wait until I've consulted with my  
 attorney.  
 (puts hands out for  
 cuffs)  
 Shall we?

INT. RIKERS ISLAND DETENTION FACILITY - PROCESSING -  
 MORNING (DAY 5)

-- Dalton is booked into Rikers Island.

-- We see Dalton surrender his personal belongings.

-- Dalton puts on an orange jumpsuit. On his back are stenciled a number and the words: "NYC DOC Rikers Island.

Dalton is lead into a two man cell by two guards. Already in the cell is EFRAIN CABRERA, 24, Puerto Rican and quite colorful. He's upset at receiving a new roommate. He complains out loud to the guards. \*

EFRAIN

Yo what the hell? Yo, I paid extra for a private room, bitch. Shit, you think you're getting a tip? Forget it, Homes. \*

He looks toward the back wall of the cell.

EFRAIN (CONT'D)

Yo, the brochure said 'water view'. Water view my ass.  
(to Dalton)  
Bitch, you steal the mint off my pillow, be the last thing you do.

INT. DALTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Frazier and Mitchell enter as the door to Dalton's apartment is opened. They are immediately struck by it's size, its stark, modern decor, and its commanding view of Manhattan and Central Park.

MITCHELL

Jesus!

FRAZIER

Whoa. Maybe crime does pay.

MITCHELL

Someone's livin' easy like George and Weezy.

They walk around and inspect various items. \*

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - PUBLIC VISITORS ROOM - DAY \*

Prisoners sit at booths on one side, visitors on the other, separated by glass. They speak through phones. \*

Dalton is visited by Bernard Melamed. \*

DALTON \*

Bernie, two of our men died. Can you possibly imagine that I had something to do with that? \*

MELAMED

No. But look me in the eyes and  
tell me.

DALTON

(looks)  
I had nothing to do with it.

MELAMED

Then make me understand.

DALTON

You don't need to know.

MELAMED

I know you twelve years, Dalton.  
Your word is all I ever need. But  
what do I tell the others?

DALTON

(a beat)  
Tell them they shouldn't pass  
judgement until the show is over.  
And this one isn't.

BACK IN DALTON'S APARTMENT

FRAZIER

How much was his bail?

MITCHELL

Four hundred thousand.

FRAZIER

You'd think a guy like this  
could've come up with that.

MITCHELL

Maybe he's having enough trouble  
coming up with the rent.

FRAZIER

Ain't we all.

Frazier has reached the kitchen. He sees a page stuck to  
the refrigerator door with a magnet.

From the refrigerator's POV, Frazier reads something off  
of the page, then laughs.

We see the page. It's a printout of an email.

"How to Make a Romanian Omelette:"

"Step 1. Steal two eggs."

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

This guy's funny. I'd love to see how he handles Rikers.

EXT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - DAY

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE FACILITY AND ITS GUESTS --

THEN, ON THE YARD -

Dalton sits with Efrain and another Hispanic inmate.

DALTON

So why are you in here?

EFRAIN

Tax evasion, man. Fucking SEC was all up in my shit over some capital gains and shit. Know what I'm saying?

DALTON

Yup.

EFRAIN

So what about you? What's a fancy white boy like you doing here?

DALTON

Diamond heist.

Efrain thinks Dalton's just responding with his own bullshit.

But Dalton's face says he's not kidding.

EFRAIN

No shit? You some motherfucking Pink Panther?

Elsewhere on the yard, we glimpse VITALY KULIKOFF, 30, another Russian thug. In his baggy shorts, we recognize the two 'X's tattooed on his knees, signifying his status as a Vor.

DALTON

I had connections with all the big diamond movers. Whenever a big shipment was coming in or going out, I was there.

EFRAIN

Damn.

DALTON

Do me a favor, though. Keep it under your hat. Too many scumbags in here.

EXT. DALTON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Frazier and Mitchell are walking through the lobby to exit the building.

MITCHELL

We gotta talk to this guy.

FRAZIER

You know what that's gonna sound like.

MITCHELL

What?

FRAZIER

"My client refuses to answer that question on the grounds that..." See what the doorman can give you. I'll be outside.

MITCHELL

Sure.

Frazier exits onto the crowded street.

Mitchell approaches the DOORMAN.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Hey. Can you tell me anything about Mr. Russell?

DOORMAN

He's a real gentleman. And not just because he's a big tipper.

MITCHELL

What kind of visitors does he get?

Outside on the street, Frazier is speaking on his cell phone, turned to the side.

Across the street, we see one of the Russians in the backseat of a parked car with the window down. He's watching Frazier. Frazier can't see him.



Mitchell notices. \*

DOORMAN \*

The kind most men wish they got. \*

The Russian aims a pistol at Frazier. \*

MITCHELL \*

Keith! \*

Mitchell runs towards the exit as Frazier turns towards the gunman. \*

The man fires, striking Frazier in the shoulder and the edge of the neck, sending him to the ground and shattering the glass entrance of the building. \*

The Russian drops the pistol from the car window. \*

He exits the car on the far side and runs. \*

Mitchell has his gun out. He scans for the Russian, but The Russian has disappeared into the crowd. \*

Mitchell turns his attention to Frazier as he grabs his radio and calls for backup. \*

Frazier's holding the wound on his shoulder, trying to stop the bleeding. \*

MITCHELL (CONT'D) \*

Two-four squad to central! Two-four squad to central. Officer down! I need a rescue ambulance. Seven-Twenty Madison Avenue at Seventy-Fourth! Rush the bus! Shots fired, officer down! \*

FRAZIER \*

(struggling) \*

I'm OK. \*

We look straight down on Frazier from above. As we move closer, he morphs onto a stretcher. \*

The stretcher moves along the sidewalk and reaches an ambulance. \*

Still viewed from above, Frazier morphs into an X-ray/MRI of himself in the hospital. \*

We overhear doctors discussing his injuries. \*

DOCTOR ONE

Lucky guy. Bullet just knicked the  
Scapula and passed through without  
hitting his clavicle. He'll be  
fine.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

DOCTOR TWO

What about the neck?

\*  
\*

DOCTOR ONE

Mostly superficial. No damage to  
the carotid artery.

\*  
\*  
\*

As they speak, the image of the X-ray morphs back into  
Frazier, now lying on a bed in a hospital.

\*  
\*

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

\*

Lots of cops waiting around in the hall, whenever a cop  
is shot.

\*  
\*

CHIEF RITTENHOUSE, 50, white, stands next to Sylvia and  
Mitchell, as the ASIAN DOCTOR, 35, finishes wrapping  
Frazier's arm. Frazier's neck has a bandage on it.

\*  
\*  
\*

ASIAN DOCTOR

I'll get you a sling and some  
painkillers and be right back.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

I don't need any painkillers, Doc.

\*  
\*

ASIAN DOCTOR

(exiting, to himself)  
Why do cops always say that?

\*  
\*  
\*

SYLVIA

Would you just listen to the  
doctor?

\*  
\*  
\*

RITTENHOUSE

Could've been worse.

\*

FRAZIER

Chief. How's it going?

RITTENHOUSE

Great. I'm sorry you had to put  
off your honeymoon for this, but  
I've got bosses too, y'know. Nice  
work on the diamonds.

\*

FRAZIER

Yeah, well, we got back some stones, but there's still a few bad guys running around.

RITTENHOUSE

I know. I think Detective Mitchell should be able to handle that. Time to take your vacation.

FRAZIER

You serious?

RITTENHOUSE

I think I'd like you off the streets. In case these guys try it again.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Right. Better they kill me on someone else's beat.

\*  
\*  
\*

SYLVIA

Keith!

\*  
\*

RITTENHOUSE

Exactly. Besides, don't you think your old partner deserves some glory?

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

We just buried a cop and two civilians.

\*  
\*

RITTENHOUSE

Almost two cops. You see me landing on an aircraft carrier under a sign that says 'mission accomplished?' No. But cops still gotta take vacations.

\*

SYLVIA

Amen.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Hey, I ain't gonna argue with you.

RITTENHOUSE

I wasn't worried. Plus, I think the doctor and your wife are on my side on this one.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

I'm leaving.

RITTENHOUSE

Bon voyage.

FRAZIER

Thanks Chief.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - DINING HALL - DAY (DAY 6) \*

Dalton eats at a table with Efrain and others.

At another table, someone points Dalton out to Vitaly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY \*

Frazier's finishing dressing and briefing Mitchell as  
Sylvia collects the last of his personal effects. \*

FRAZIER \*

You getting everything, Baby. \*

SYLVIA \*

Don't worry, Baby. \*

FRAZIER \*

I'd go back at him in a couple of  
days. Let him enjoy the city's  
hospitality, make a few new  
friends.

MITCHELL

Will do. I'm gonna dump the dead  
guys' phones and see if anything  
leads to Russell. We get something  
like that, I'll have more  
leverage.

FRAZIER

Sounds good. Think you can wrap  
this up before I get back?

MITCHELL

Gonna try.

FRAZIER \*

Good. Bet's still on. \*

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON - HALLWAY - DAY

A group of inmates are lead back to their cells.

Dalton enters his cell.

Efrain holds back, down the hallway. He knows something.

INT. DALTON'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

Vitaly enters Dalton's cell.

VITALY

Let's talk.

DALTON

Excuse me?

VITALY

Tell me something about diamonds.

DALTON

Like what?

VITALY

I hear you're the man to speak to  
if I'm looking to find a lot of  
them, at a nice price.

As he speaks, Vitaly is getting closer and more menacing.

DALTON

I don't know what you're talking  
about.

Vitaly gets in real close.

VITALY

Give me some information I can  
use. I'll see you get a nice cut.

DALTON

I don't have any information for  
you.

Vitaly head-butts Dalton's face, sending him to the  
floor.

He kicks him.

Vitaly gets down on top of Dalton, choking him.

VITALY

Are you sure? Because if you don't  
think of something, life is going  
to get very hard for you in -

DALTON  
 OK. OK. OK. I know about a  
 shipment. Really big. Thirty-five  
 million dollars worth.

VITALY  
 You know when and where?

DALTON  
 Yes.

VITALY  
 Good.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOVING - EVENING \*

Frazier and Sylvia sit in the back, driven by a cop. \*

In front of and behind their car are police escorts with  
 lights flashing. It's a show of support. \*

Sylvia trying to cheer Frazier up get their vacation  
 started, mentally, so she puts on a Jamaican accents. \*

SYLVIA  
 Welcome to Jamaica. \*

Frazier acknowledges with a small smile. \*

SYLVIA (CONT'D) \*  
 Miles of beautiful beaches. Come \*  
 on. Say it. Ja-maiiii-ca. \*

FRAZIER  
 Jamaica.

SYLVIA \*  
 Come bock to Jamaica. \*

FRAZIER \*  
 (lightens up) \*  
 Ja-maiiii-ca! \*

Frazier's phone rings. He answers it. It's Mitchell.

FRAZIER (CONT'D) \*  
 Ya, Mon. Detective Mitchell.  
 Everytin' airie?

MITCHELL  
 Just thought you'd want to know,  
 we ID'd the dead guy. Daniil  
 Kulikoff, 34.

FRAZIER

Daniil Kulikoff. Tell me, Bruddah.  
What we know 'bout Daniil  
Kulikoff?

Mitchell gets in to the act and does the accent.

MITCHELL

Seem Daniil got no priors, Mon.  
Him live Brighton Beach wit his  
younga bruddah, Vitaly. Him not  
home at da present time. Him  
awaitin' trial for manslaughter.

FRAZIER

Seen.

MITCHELL

Ya, Mon. Him not one da crew what  
take down Pincus and Son. Him been  
chillin' in Rikers since two month  
now. Still, me certain him know a  
ting or two 'bout dem an dat  
rob'ry. Maybe him wan deal.

FRAZIER

Ya gwan den, speak ta da man.  
(drops accent)  
Keep me posted.

Frazier hangs up and keeps driving for a while.

But the wheels in his head are turning, and something's  
starting to bother him. The grin slowly drops from his  
face.

He seems to make a decision, or at least try to.

EXT. LONG ISLAND ESPRESSWAY - SAME TIME

The three cars approach the exit for the Van Wyck. \*

They slow down. \*

They come to a stop on the divider between the Expressway  
and the exit. \*

INT. FRAZIER'S POLICE CAR - SAME TIME \*

The DRIVER puts the car in park and turns to Frazier. \*

DRIVER \*

What's the story, Lieutenant? \*

SYLVIA  
Keith?

FRAZIER  
I'm sorry, baby.

SYLVIA  
What? Did you forget something?

FRAZIER  
No.

SYLVIA  
Then what are you doing?

FRAZIER  
We can't go.

SYLVIA  
What?  
(no response)  
What?!

FRAZIER  
Look, baby, I -

SYLVIA  
Don't you 'look baby' me. I waited  
a year and a half for this. Then  
they tell you we can't go 'cos  
they need you on this case. Then  
they say you can. You've been  
shot, Keith. Now you - We're  
twenty minutes from the airport,  
Keith.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER  
I know, but -

SYLVIA  
But what?

FRAZIER  
Something ain't right.

SYLVIA  
You bet something ain't right. My  
husband's losing his damn mind.

FRAZIER  
You might be right.



SYLVIA

You listen to me, Keith Frazier.  
You tell him to put that car in  
drive and take us to Kennedy  
Airport -

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

What do you do for a living?

SYLVIA

What?!

FRAZIER

Are you a cop?

SYLVIA

Yes, I am. But -

FRAZIER

Well, so am I. And I'm not gonna  
spend my honeymoon laying on some  
beach, wishing I was back in New  
York the whole time. I'm sorry.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A group is being moved down a hallway.

Behind Dalton, two large, mean looking ARYAN types move  
up the line until they reach him.

They accost him. One gets in his path while the other  
stands behind him. All three men stop.

DALTON

Look, I don't want any trouble.

ARYAN

You're the man to talk to about  
diamonds?

DALTON

I don't know what you mean.

ARYAN

Don't fuck around with me, boy.

DALTON

Look, just leave me alone. Please.

ARYAN

Or what? You'll call your mother?

The ARYAN pokes Dalton's chest with his two fingers.

In one swift motion, Dalton grabs the ARYAN's fingers and twists them back, sending him to his knees in submission, while he sweeps his leg back and kicks the other man's feet out from under him, sending him to the ground.

He twists the Aryan's hand further back, contorting his whole arm until the man is flat on his belly.

Then he kicks the other man in the head before he can get up, knocking him out.

He gets down in the Aryan's face.

DALTON

Listen to me, you inbred piece of cow shit, 'cos I'm only going to say this once. I got friends in this world and I got enemies. You can still choose which one you're gonna be. Understand? Understand!?

ARYAN

Yeah.

DALTON

Good. Just know this. My friends get more sleep than my enemies. So what's it gonna be?

ARYAN

Friends.

DALTON

Good. You got someone on the outside depending on you, right? I'm guessing a wife. Probably ten kids.

ARYAN

Yeah.

DALTON

All right. Pay attention. In a few days, when I get out of here, your wife's gonna go get her mail. If I make it out of here in one piece, she's gonna find ten thousand dollars in the mailbox. That's the kind of friend I am. But if anything happens to me while I'm in here - I get a fucking hang nail... then she better change her address. We clear?

ARYAN

Yeah. Clear.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - PRIVATE VISITORS ROOM - DAY  
(DAY 7)

Frazier is led into a room where Dalton is seated. We will soon recognize this scene from the beginning.

DALTON

How are you feeling?

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

I'll be alright. But my football career's over.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

Well, I'm glad it wasn't much worse.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Well, thank you.

\*  
\*

DALTON

So, what brings you to Rikers Island, Lieutenant? Shouldn't you be in Jamaica?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

Yes, I should. More important, why are you here?

DALTON

You tell me.

FRAZIER

I think it's got something to do with a cat named Vitaly Kulikoff. Know the guy?

DALTON

Don't think so.

FRAZIER

Got a couple of 'X's tattooed on his knees and a brother in a closed casket courtesy of one Joseph Menkowitz.

DALTON

Oh, Vi-ta-ly Kulikoff. Everyone knows him. Good guy. You're suggesting I'm here by choice?

FRAZIER

Thought had occurred to me. I know it's a stretch that someone would wanna trade in that apartment of yours for this. How you making out in here?

DALTON

I'm all right. Can't say I like showering with the likes of Jamal and Jesus.

A beat while Frazier is somewhat confused at that familiar expression.

FRAZIER

What did you just say?

For the next line, Dalton gives us his American accent.

DALTON

I just meant that I'd rather be in a hot tub with Tiffany and Amber, if you know what I mean. You know, sucking on a pina colada.

\*  
\*

Frazier stares at him, incredulous.

DALTON (CONT'D)

I think you heard me loud and clear, Detective First Grade Keith Frazier, hostage negotiator.

Frazier looks up and rubs his head.

FRAZIER

Holy shit. Holy fucking shit.

Dalton Russell leans forward, his arms crossed on the table, his head all the way forward, and speaks softly.

DALTON

So, Detective Frazier. Here you are. Sitting inside Rikers Island Prison, staring across the table at the world's greatest jewel thief.

With his right hand open, Dalton covers his face below his eyes. With his left hand, he covers his forehead. He's mimicking his disguise from the bank heist.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What would you like to know?

FRAZIER

You think this is fucking funny? I knew who you were that first day on 47th Street.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

That is funny.

\*

FRAZIER

Trust me, Pal. It ain't. I told you you'd go down, and I meant it.

DALTON

Let's talk about what you really want to know.

FRAZIER

We found your little hiding place. Who's that magician guy? He could've done it without digging a toilet in the floor.

\*

DALTON

Yeah, but he's annoying. Why didn't you expose Arthur Case?

FRAZIER

Thought about it. But the guy died and left eight hundred million bucks to charity. Figured why complicate things for everyone? Just let the money do some good. Why didn't you?

DALTON

I'm a thief. If I told the world I relieved Mr. Case of thirty million dollars in diamonds, people like you would've come looking for me. Why did you go to his funeral?

FRAZIER

Looking for you. Wait -

DALTON

Yup. But I made sure to stay out of your sight.

FRAZIER

So why'd you leave me the clues?

DALTON

That's really the question. Isn't it? I don't know. You got to me.

(MORE)

DALTON (CONT'D)

All that crime and punishment stuff. Made me think.

FRAZIER

Well, I got good news for you. You're gonna have plenty of time on your hands to think about it.

DALTON

Is that a fact? Well, perhaps you should have thought about that while you were shopping for engagement rings.

Frazier pauses, and doesn't respond to that. Then

FRAZIER

Guess we'll continue that conversation later.

(a beat)

So. Vitaly Kulikoff.

DALTON

Yes. Well, here's the problem with that. I was really counting on you to figure that out. But not quite as quickly as you did.

FRAZIER

Don't give me any more of that 'too smart to be a cop' crap.

DALTON

I won't. But you'll have to come back tomorrow to continue this conversation.

FRAZIER

Bullshit. Why?

DALTON

Because I want my lawyer to be present.

FRAZIER

What for?

DALTON

I don't have to explain myself to you.

FRAZIER

No you don't. You seem to want to.

\*

Good observation. Dalton smiles at that.

\*

FRAZIER (CONT'D) \*  
 You had nothing to do with that \*  
 Mess on 47th. Did you? \*

DALTON \*  
 Of course not. \*

FRAZIER \*  
 You got some balls. \*

DALTON  
 Why?

FRAZIER  
 Copping to the Manhattan Trust  
 heist while you're sitting in  
 Rikers. Guess that's your style.

DALTON  
 I'll admit to having a certain  
 flair for the dramatic. But at the  
 risk of repeating myself, I'm  
 going to walk out the door when  
 I'm good and ready.

FRAZIER  
 You know, one of these days that  
 ego of yours is gonna get you into  
 trouble.

INT. FRAZIER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Frazier and Sylvia sit on the couch watching television.  
 Frazier is not paying attention. He's puzzling it out.

Sylvia's ignoring him. She's still pissed.

FRAZIER  
 I need to talk to you.

Sylvia ignores him and stays focused on the TV.

Frazier picks up the remote and mutes the TV.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)  
 This guy Dalton didn't have  
 anything to do with the 47th  
 Street robbery.

SYLVIA  
 So?

FRAZIER

He's the guy that got away with  
the Manhattan Trust heist.

SYLVIA

He - Baby, that's great. Are you -

FRAZIER

Hold on, now. Don't go  
congratulating me yet.

SYLVIA

I don't understand.

FRAZIER

There's something I need to tell  
you about your engagement ring.

SYLVIA

What?

FRAZIER

You know it took me quite a while  
to save up for it.

SYLVIA

I always told you you spent way  
more than you needed to. \*

FRAZIER

No. I didn't.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND PRISON - PRIVATE VISITORS ROOM - DAY  
(DAY 8)

Dalton and White sit across the table from each other.

WHITE

Exactly why am I here?

DALTON

I have a very delicate matter to  
discuss.

WHITE

I'm your attorney. Anything you  
say to me is strictly  
confidential.

DALTON

There's someone joining us.

WHITE

Who?



DALTON  
The arresting officer.

WHITE  
What are you talking about?  
Frazier? He's coming here?

DALTON  
He should be here any second.

WHITE  
Are you kidding me? What does he  
know about you?

DALTON  
Relax, Miss White. He has no idea  
who I am. It'll just be a huge  
coincidence.

WHITE  
Detectives don't believe in  
coincidences. Why are you putting  
me in this spot? \*

DALTON  
So I can watch how you handle it. \*

White switches to fluent French, and Dalton responds in  
equally fluent French. \*

WHITE  
Is that the way you amuse  
yourself? \*

DALTON  
(raises an eyebrow)  
One among many. You speak  
excellent French. \*

WHITE  
And I wasn't even born in Algeria.  
Or yesterday, for that matter. \*

They switch back to English. \*

DALTON  
Clearly. Anything else you'd like  
me to know? \*

WHITE  
Tell me about the man in Zimbabwe. \*

DALTON

He thought the color of his skin  
gave him the right to take  
liberties. It was a thousand years  
ago, and I've got nothing to hide  
on that account. I'd love to  
expand on that, but  
(off the door)  
It's showtime.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Frazier is on the other side of the windowed door. He enters.

He sees White, and goes through surprise, confusion, and concern, all of which he masks.

FRAZIER

Well, the plot sickens.

Dalton changes his tone. He's acting now.

DALTON

You two know each other?

FRAZIER

Miss White gets around.

WHITE

The Lieutenant and I have worked  
together.

DALTON

Really? Where?

[Dalton knows, of course. Frazier knows that Dalton knows, but Frazier can't let White know this. And White thinks Frazier doesn't know anything, and she'd like to keep it that way.]

WHITE

We can't discuss that with you.

DALTON

Ooh. Sounds intriguing.

WHITE

I heard about your close call. I'm  
glad to see that you're all right.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

(in no mood)  
Vitaly Kulikoff.

DALTON

Yes. The business at hand.

Dalton leans forward and picks up the pace, like he's talking to a buddy about a girl. He's excited.

DALTON (CONT'D)

You know I want these guys as much as you do. Right? But you can't get anything on any of them. Even if you arrest them, you'll never get confessions and you'll never convict. Not to mention what happened in the Bronx. With me so far?

FRAZIER

Unfortunately.

DALTON

Good. So here's the thing. Mr. Kulikoff kicked my ass a couple of days ago. So much so that I informed him about a shipment of diamonds that was going to be sitting around overnight, tomorrow, in a safe in the back of a bakery in Williamsburg.

WHITE

Wait a second. Lieutenant, I need a moment with my client.

\*  
\*  
\*

DALTON

It's all right, Miss White. A big shipment. Thirty-five million dollars worth.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER

And you'd like me to be waiting when they come out?

DALTON

Why not?

FRAZIER

So you set up your own arrest in order to make this happen?

WHITE

Don't answer that.

DALTON

Yes.

White rolls her eyes. What the hell difference does it make. Dalton's the one in charge. She yields to him.

\*

DALTON (CONT'D)

The true owner of those diamonds is on his way back from Sao Paulo, Brazil. Tomorrow he's going to walk into court with Miss White here and swear to the judge that he hired me to transport them. He'll have all the proper documentation as well as proof that I've worked for him in the past.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

(thinks about it)

Why didn't you just come to me?

DALTON

Because even if you agreed - which you wouldn't have - if I'd been working with you, it would be entrapment, and your case against these guys would fall apart.

Dalton leans back. Frazier contemplates it.

FRAZIER

Why are you doing all this?

DALTON

Because you can't.

INT. ESU STATION - BROOKLYN - DAY

Frazier and Mitchell speak with ESU Lieutenant Hernandez about the plan.

\*

There's a Google satellite photo of the street on the table.

HERNANDEZ

He picked a good spot. Nothing residential in the immediate vicinity. Only two ways in or out. Once they're there, we got 'em.

FRAZIER

What's the bad news?

HERNANDEZ

That it's a gang of professional killers with machine guns. They're gonna be monitoring the police band, so we'll have to use cell phones.

(MORE)

HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)

And they'll be looking for a set up, which means they'll do their own surveillance. So when we do ours, we'll have to go in plain clothes, and be discrete about it.

FRAZIER

But as long as they show, we should be fine.

HERNANDEZ

Yeah. We'll have the advantage of surprise, cover, and numbers. They might have bigger guns, but my money's on us.

FRAZIER

Sounds great.

HERNANDEZ

Let's hope.

FRAZIER

Hey, one last thing.

HERNANDEZ

Shoot.

FRAZIER

If I needed you to roll into Brighton Beach to bring these guys in...

HERNANDEZ

On their turf? That could get bloody.

FRAZIER

I know.

HERNANDEZ

I'd have to ask you how badly you needed them, and what you were willing to sacrifice. That could get fucking bloody.

FRAZIER

I hear you.

HERNANDEZ

Look, Frazier, my guys'll be ready for anything tomorrow. We do this right, we'll probably end up saving the taxpayers a lot of money.

FRAZIER

Guess that's up to them. Thanks.

Frazier and Mitchell walk away.

MITCHELL

I don't get this whole thing.

FRAZIER

There's something we need to discuss.

MITCHELL

What?

Frazier looks around to ensure privacy.

FRAZIER

My wife's engagement ring.

MITCHELL

What about it?

FRAZIER

It just might land someone's ass in jail.

INT. COURTROOM - AFTERNOON

JUDGE FELDMAN presides over ordinary court business. It's a typical New York City courtroom, where he hears motions from a multitude of petitioners.

JUDGE FELDMAN

Who's next?

CLERK

Motion on State of New York v. Dalton Russell.

Madeleine White steps forward.

WHITE

Madeleine White for the defense,  
Your honor.

A young Asian Assistant DA, JUDY WONG, steps forward.

WONG

ADA Wong for the State.

JUDGE FELDMAN

What's up?

WHITE

Your honor, Mr. Russell runs security for the 47th Street Merchants Association. He was arrested several days ago at JFK on suspicion of grand larceny -

JUDGE FELDMAN

I'm familiar with the facts of the case. What's new?

WHITE

Your honor, I have here a sworn affidavit from a Mr. Renato Mandelbaum, a Brazilian citizen, swearing that the diamonds found in Mr. Russell's possession on the night in question were the legal property of Mr. Mandelbaum, and that Mr. Russell was engaged to transport them, as he had done on several occasions in the past. I also have Mr. Mandelbaum present here in the courtroom, at his own expense.

We see Renato Mandelbaum, a Brazilian Orthodox Jew, seated in one of the rows. Next to him sits CHAIM, the former bank hostage.

JUDGE FELDMAN

Where is he?

Chaim and Mandelbaum stand.

CHAIM

This is Mr. Mandelbaum, your honor. He doesn't speak English.

JUDGE FELDMAN

You speak Portuguese?

CHAIM

Uh, no. But he speaks to me in Yiddish and I can translate for you.

JUDGE FELDMAN

That sounds like fun. Has the State seen this documentation?

WONG

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE FELDMAN

And?

WONG

Looks legit.

JUDGE FELDMAN

Anybody check out Mr. Mandelbaum.

WONG

Yeah, he seems fine.

JUDGE FELDMAN

No objections from the State?

WONG

None, your honor.

JUDGE FELDMAN

OK. Too late to get Mr. Russell out today. It'll have to wait until tomorrow.

WHITE

Thank you, your honor.

JUDGE FELDMAN

Give me about half an hour and you can pick up the signed order.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - 4 PM

Madeleine White walks down the courthouse steps.

FRAZIER (O.S.)

What the fuck do you do?

White looks over to find Frazier leaning against the statue at the base of the steps.

WHITE

Lieutenant Frazier.

FRAZIER

Seriously. What does it say on your business card? When you file your tax returns, what do you list as your occupation? Lawyer? Business consultant? Fixer?

WHITE

Actually, I just check the box that says other.



FRAZIER

Why is Madeleine White presenting a motion in district court?

WHITE

Does that surprise you?

FRAZIER

A little. Tell you what really does, though. Your newest client.

WHITE

I'm not at liberty to discuss that with you.

FRAZIER

Oh, I don't know about that. I think you and I have a sort of confidential relationship.

WHITE

I'm representing a client. And not that it matters, but he's clearly innocent of these charges.

FRAZIER

Not that it matters. Come on, Miss White. Something stinks here.

WHITE

And just what would that something be?

FRAZIER

You. Coming down here to the street with the common folk. Or is walking up and down those steps how you keep those calves so fit?

WHITE

Thanks for noticing.

FRAZIER

I get paid to notice. How well do you know this client of yours?

WHITE

Not well at all. I was doing a favor for a friend.

FRAZIER

Right. You get paid to do favors for friends.

WHITE

I suppose so.

EXT. STREETS - BROOKLYN - 5 PM

A street lined with crappy little stores in one and two story buildings.

One of these stores is a bakery.

A car pulls up the street and parks in front of a hardware store, across the street from the bakery.

Two guys get out of the car and enter the hardware store. We recognize these guys from ESU, though they're incognito.

A van pulls up and parks in front of the hardware store.

Two men get out.

They go to the rear and remove a refrigerator box from the rear, put it onto a dolly, and bring it into the hardware store.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ten ESU officers have gathered, all in plain clothes. Underneath, we catch glimpses of bulletproof vests with ESU markings.

The refrigerator box is on its side and open, and we see it is filled with their equipment, guns, etc. The arrivals we saw were a ruse.

INT. DALTON'S PRISON CELL - NIGHT

Dalton sits on his bed with his back to the wall, reading a book.

INT. CEMENT MIXER GARAGE - NIGHT

A large garage filled with cement mixers.

The Russians gear up for the heist. Weapons, bulletproof vests, equipment, masks, radios, etc.

They get into two cars.

The cars drive away.

EXT./INT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF THE ESU WAITING

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Russian cars arrive.

They emerge from the cars.

They burst through the door. \*

INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

Inside a dry cleaning establishment. The thieves race to the back.

They find the large, sturdy safe. It's four feet high.

One of the thieves attaches explosives to it.

Everyone takes cover.

They blow up the safe.

The explosion blows the windows out onto the street.

Smoke fills the store and the street.

The safe door is loose, but not completely open yet.

Two thieves go to work on it with sledgehammers and large crowbars.

That doesn't work.

Next, since there is an opening at the top, they try to reach in, that fails.

Next, they turn the safe on its side, then lean it forward, so that the contents come out, or can be pulled out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Frazier and the ESU sit patiently, waiting.

The street below them is quiet and empty.

BECAUSE IT'S NOT THE SAME STREET. They're halfway across town from where the real action is.

\*

INT. DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

The thieves put the diamonds in a black knapsack.  
They all run out.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

We see that this street is not the one where Frazier and the police are waiting.

The Russians get into their cars.

The cars drive away.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Nothing's going on below them on the street.

Frazier's getting tired and impatient.

FRAZIER

Man, I don't know. This is all starting to feel a bit familiar.

HERNANDEZ

Part of me was wondering whether it might be too good to be true.

MITCHELL

I hear you. What do you wanna do?

FRAZIER

Call around to the outer units. See if anyone saw anything out of the ordinary. Maybe they drove around and changed their minds.

MITCHELL

(into radio)  
Anyone out there think maybe they saw our guys head in then change their minds and bug out? Anything like that?

Several negative responses come back over the radio.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Nothing. But at least we're enjoying the tension. Right?

FRAZIER

Laugh all you want. We made a bet,  
and I expect to win it.

MITCHELL

Still feelin' it?

FRAZIER

Oh, yes. Sure I might've been a  
bit optimistic on the time frame,  
but we'll get these guys.

MITCHELL

I don't know. They're good. And  
all we got is the word of some  
wannabee criminal mastermind  
sitting in Rikers. While we wait.

FRAZIER

Waiting is ninety percent of  
police work.

MITCHELL

Waiting for what?

FRAZIER

For the other guy to fuck up.

VOICE ON RADIO

Detective, we need to book.  
There's a 10-20 a few miles west  
of us. They put it out area-wide.

\*

MITCHELL

Hang on.  
(to Frazier)  
84 car wants to respond to -

FRAZIER

Yeah.  
(into his radio)  
What's the story?

VOICE ON RADIO

Dry cleaners getting knocked over.

FRAZIER

Yeah, go ahead. God forbid they  
get away with some shirts.  
(chuckles in  
frustration)  
Then again, I'm guarding a bunch  
of cupcakes.

Then he realizes, it might not be that funny. He shifts into overdrive.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Jesus! Mitch.

MITCHELL

What?

FRAZIER

I think we're getting played again.

MITCHELL

For real?

FRAZIER

Never mind. Let's get over to that 10-20.

MITCHELL

Did the other guy just fuck up?

FRAZIER

I hope so. 'Cos someone sure did.

EXT. QUEENS STREETS - NIGHT

Frazier's unmarked car races through the streets, followed by two patrol cars and one ESU van, all with lights and sirens.

INT. FRAZIER'S CAR - MOVING

Frazier's speaking to Rikers on his cell.

FRAZIER

I know. Roust him outta bed and get him on the phone. Call me when you got him.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Frazier and the others have arrived.

Other units are already on the scene.

He enters through the broken glass front door.

INT. DRY CLEANERS - CONTINUOUS

Frazier passes through to the back and finds several cops standing by the destroyed safe, which is empty.

Frazier stares at the safe, and he's thinking what one cop says to another:

COP

I didn't think dry cleaners made that kind of money.

Frazier's face. He's angry.

His cell phone rings. He answers.

FRAZIER

Yeah. Put him on.  
(to Dalton)  
Why?

INT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON - PHONES - INTERCUT

DALTON

You'll have to be more specific.

FRAZIER

I'm standing in a dry cleaners in Rego Park. You'll never believe what happened.

DALTON

They get ripped off? There's never a cop around when you need one.

FRAZIER

Or when you're ripping off millions in diamonds.

DALTON

Is that what got stolen?

FRAZIER

Enough! You fucked up this time.

DALTON

I don't think so.

FRAZIER

No? Pay attention to this, smart guy. You think you pulled another one over on me? You have no idea what I've got planned for you.

DALTON  
Please, enlighten me.

FRAZIER  
Not yet. I wanna look in your eyes  
when I show you your future.

DALTON  
Well, that sounds interesting. But  
this night isn't over yet.

FRAZIER  
What the fuck does that mean?

DALTON  
It means you shouldn't go to bed  
yet.

FRAZIER  
Yeah? Neither should you, my  
friend.

DALTON  
Me? No way. I'm being released in  
a few hours.

FRAZIER  
Word to the wise. Don't get too  
comfortable out here.

INT. WAREHOUSE - 4 AM

The five Russian thieves enter.

Moldoveanu has five men in there with him.

They look around the warehouse, wondering if there are  
more of Moldoveanu's thugs hiding.

Three of Moldoveanu's thugs frisk them and find no  
weapons.

MOLDOVEANU  
Much better this time.

KUZNETSOV  
You will be very pleased. May I  
see the money?

Moldoveanu nods to one of his men. Two suitcases are  
brought out.

They are opened and the money is inspected by Vor 2.



He nods to Kuznetsov.

Kuznetsov makes a call on his cell phone.

KUZNETSOV (CONT'D)

Come in.

(to Moldoveanu)

The diamonds will be here in a moment.

MOLDOVEANU

I hope so. I've been patient enough with you.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

\*

Through a telescopic rifle lens, we see one of the Vor enter the warehouse.

\*

\*

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DRY CLEANERS - MOMENTS LATER

Police have the scene taped off.

FRAZIER

We gotta find Moldoveanu. I know this whole thing is headed in his direction.

MITCHELL

I'll get cars to his house and the garage.

FRAZIER

Yeah. And put out a citywide, including a description of that bulletproof Rolls. He ain't going anywhere without it.

\*

INT. WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Moldoveanu's EXPERT inspects the diamonds.

It takes him seconds to realize there is something wrong.

He examines four of them. All fake.

The expert looks at Moldoveanu and subtly shakes his head.

Moldoveanu motions to the expert, and both men stand and leave the room.

As he passes one of his thugs by an exit door -

MOLDOVEANU

Try to keep it quiet.

From the door through which Moldoveanu and the expert exited, four more armed thugs enter.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - REAR EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

Moldoveanu sits in the rear of his armored Rolls Royce Phantom.

We hear the massive gunfight going on inside the warehouse.

Through the telescopic rifle sight, we see the warehouse, and the multitude of muzzle flashes from the guns firing inside.

\*  
\*  
\*

Two thugs exit the warehouse carrying the two briefcases and the fake diamonds.

They hand the briefcases to Moldoveanu and then both enter the front seats.

The car pulls away.

From a vantage point at a distance, we watch the car leave the warehouse.

INT. CAR - PARKED

\*

STEVE, STEVE-O and STEVIE sit in a car, dressed in dark pants and sweatshirts, chatting.

STEVE-O

How are the waves?

STEVE

'bout a five foot hollow barrel, breaks left and right, rides about two hundred feet. It's pretty awesome.

STEVE-O

Nice.

STEVE

But it's not just the waves. It's everything. The food. The ladies. And it's cheap as hell. Beers cost a quarter.

STEVE-O  
You gotta speak Spanish?

STEVE  
I mean, it's Argentina. But you can get by with English. Especially when you're buying rounds for the whole place all night.

STEVIE  
You must've been pretty popular.

STEVE  
Yo, soon as this is over, I'm buying a couple of new boards and wetsuits and heading right back.

STEVIE  
Is it safe?

STEVE  
You gotta be smart. I made friends with all the bouncers and bartenders. And I don't keep much cash on me. Two guys tried to mug me once. Yo, I fucked them up serious. You should come with me. Spend a few months.

STEVE-O  
Dude, my girlfriend's giving birth in like four weeks.

STEVE  
Oh, yeah. That's cool.

STEVIE  
That is so great. How does she look? \*

STEVE-O  
Yo, she is huge. But it's a beautiful thing. \*

EXT. MANHATTAN BLOCK - 4:30 AM

The Phantom turns onto a quiet street lined with empty stores.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE PHANTOM - SAME TIME

Moldoveanu speaks into a cell phone in Romanian.

MOLDOVEANU

Leave the bodies. Just take away  
their trash and your shell  
casings. But get out of there.

The Phantom reaches the middle of the block and is  
blocked by a large sanitation truck.

MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

OK. Call me later.

The truck hasn't moved. Moldoveanu looks around  
impatiently.

ON THE STREET --

There are no sanitation workers around.

An identical sanitation truck pulls up behind them.

MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

The truck in the rear pulls in close.

Moldoveanu knows he's being fucked.

MOLDOVEANU (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of here!

The truck rams the rear of the Phantom.

The Phantom is pushed forward until it hits the  
sanitation truck in front. It's now trapped.

The driver is flooring it, in drive and in reverse, but  
no luck.

Then, a small army appears, it's clear they've been set  
up.

We recognize an array of 47th Street private soldiers,  
heavily armed and masked. Some Hasidics, some Orthodox  
Jews, some Israelis.

We see Joseph, the sharpshooter, standing watch, his  
sniper rifle hidden beneath his coat.

And then we recognize three others, even behind their  
masks: Steve, Steve-O and Stevie.

Stevie mans a massive Bren gun, trained on Moldoveanu a  
few inches from the bulletproof glass of his car door.  
She wears sound dampening headphones which illustrate the  
noise this gun will make if she ever fires it.

Steve jumps up onto the Phantom's hood.

Steve-O hands him a massive, high-powered drill, wired to a large power source in the back of the garbage truck. The drill has three suction cups which form a triangle around the drill bit.

Steve attaches the cups to the car's windshield.

He powers up the drill.

The Phantom's driver tries to rock the car back and forth to avoid the drill, but it doesn't work.

Steve begins to drill through the one-inch thick windshield.

The drill bit pierces through the glass.

Once the hole is complete, Steve removes the drill.

Steve-O hands him a gas tank and a hose to put into the hole.

They release a colorless gas into the passenger cabin.

We see the anger and fear in Moldoveanu and his two men.

They sense the gas, and begin to cough.

They begin to choke.

Finally, Moldoveanu opens his door. The two men in the front do the same.

THROUGH THE SAME TELESCOPIC RIFLE SIGHT, WE SEE \*

all three Romanians exit the car quickly, and gasp for air. \*

They're fine, but they're forced to the ground by our gang of thieves.

One of our thieves reaches into the car and retrieves the two suitcases of cash, and the fake diamonds. \*

Other men have swooped in. They handcuff the three Romanians to each other and to a street light.

Joseph Menkowitz lowers the Dragunov SVD sniper rifle. He pulls out his cell phone and makes a call. \*

And in an instant, the entire group disappears, abandoning the two garbage trucks and the Phantom.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT

Frazier and Mitchell exit the shop and are surprised to find

MADELEINE WHITE

FRAZIER

Well, look what the cat dragged out.

WHITE

26th Street between Third and Lexington.

FRAZIER

What about it?

WHITE

You need to get police there now to make some arrests.

FRAZIER

Who am I arresting?

WHITE

Some Romanian gangsters.

FRAZIER

What's the charge?

WHITE

Murder.

FRAZIER

That a fact?

WHITE

Apparently, they left some bodies in a warehouse in Harlem. Police are already there.

Hernandez interrupts

\*

HERNANDEZ

Got another one, Lieutenant.

\*

\*

FRAZIER

26th and Lex?

\*

\*

HERNANDEZ

No. Warehouse in Brooklyn. Real Fourth of July.

\*

\*

\*

FRAZIER  
You hear anything about 26th and  
Lex?

HERNANDEZ  
Yeah, something about a vehicular.  
No shots fired.

FRAZIER  
(to Mitchell)  
You wanna roll with him?

MITCHELL  
Sure.  
(exits)

FRAZIER  
Why are you here telling me this?

WHITE  
I'm working on behalf of a client.

FRAZIER  
I know that. But why?

WHITE  
(a beat)  
I think it's someone's way of  
trying to humiliate me.

FRAZIER  
Really? Looks like it's working.

WHITE  
Let's just say I'd rather be  
sleeping.

FRAZIER  
Good. Know what I think?

WHITE  
Please.

FRAZIER  
I think someone's sending me a  
message.

WHITE  
And what would that be?

FRAZIER  
He thinks he owns my ass, and he  
wants me to know that he owns you  
too.

WHITE

Then I guess we're in the same boat.

FRAZIER

Not exactly, Miss White. Unfortunately for you, someone's not as smart as he thinks. Give me your cell phone.

She gives it to him.

Frazier dials his own cell phone, it rings and lights up, displaying her number. He hands hers back.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Case I need to reach you.

WHITE

No offense, but you can't afford me.

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER

(dismissive)  
Please.

\*  
\*  
\*

EXT. MANHATTAN BLOCK - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

Frazier arrives at this scene just after it has ended.

The sun is coming up.

He finds the destroyed Phantom and the garbage trucks abandoned.

Policemen are securing the scene.

Frazier sees Moldoveanu cuffed, in the back of a squad car.

Moldoveanu sees Frazier.

Frazier makes a subtle hand gesture mimicking hailing a cab.

FRAZIER

Taxi.

Frazier's phone rings. He answers.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Yo.



## INT. WAREHOUSE - INTERCUT

Mitchell is on scene with many cops and forensics. The corpses of the Vor all around. It's a bloody mess.

MITCHELL

I'm at the warehouse. Bunch of tattooed kneecaps staring at the ceiling.

FRAZIER

Our guys?

MITCHELL

I'd have to say so.

FRAZIER

Anyone alive?

MITCHELL

One guy. Barely.

CUT TO:

FRAZIER IS AT THE WAREHOUSE WITH MITCHELL -

Kuznetsov is barely alive. He's conscious, but really messed up. A paramedic attends to him, frantically.

FRAZIER

He gonna pull through?

PARAMEDIC

I don't know.

FRAZIER

(to Kuznetsov)  
Hey. Remember me?

KUZNETSOV

(struggling)  
Go to hell.

Frazier looks into the paramedic's eyes deadly serious. He repeats his question in a tone that suggests the answer he wants.

FRAZIER

He gonna pull through?

A beat while the paramedic reads Frazier.

PARAMEDIC  
It don't look good.

\*  
\*

FRAZIER  
(to Kuznetsov)  
After you.

\*  
\*  
\*

MOMENTS LATER --

\*

Frazier and Mitchell walk through the warehouse.

\*

FRAZIER  
So they rip the diamonds from the  
dry cleaners. Bring 'em to the  
Romanian. And he kills them.

\*

MITCHELL  
Then your buddy Dalton has his  
gang take down Moldoveanu, and he  
gets his diamonds back, plus the  
money.

FRAZIER  
Only one problem. How did he know  
that Moldoveanu would kill the  
Russians?

A beat.

MITCHELL  
'Cause the diamonds were Fugazies.  
Of course. Why let them steal the  
real thing?

\*  
\*  
\*

FRAZIER  
Bulls-eye. Besides, that's how he  
knew it would end like it did.  
Man, he set this one up but good.

\*  
\*

MITCHELL  
We gonna arrest him?

FRAZIER  
For what? Ethnic cleansing? All  
the Vorsk are dead; you get to  
close the Pincus case; no trial  
necessary. Add to that, we just  
took down a big Romanian boss for  
murder. He gave us that on a  
platter.

MITCHELL

And I'm guessing the Romanian's  
buy money is on its way to the  
widows and orphans of 47th Street.

FRAZIER

Guy did everything but tie a  
fucking bow on it for us.

MITCHELL

I guess you gotta respect the man.

FRAZIER

Yeah. I'm a go pay my respects.  
(almost hangs up)  
Hey!

MITCHELL

What?

FRAZIER

I win. Right? We wrapped this  
thing up. \*

MITCHELL

(a beat)  
Yeah. You win.

FRAZIER

Heh, heh. So you're staying? \*

MITCHELL

Sure. \*

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND PRISON - MORNING

Dalton is among a group of released prisoners loaded onto  
a prison bus, in street clothes.

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A thirty-five-year old white woman in a house dress goes  
to her mailbox in the hallway.

She opens the box with a key.

She sorts through the sparse mail.

She finds an unmarked envelope.

She opens it and finds ten thousand dollars in cash.

INT. APARTMENT OF DALTON RUSSELL - DAY

Dalton sits on his couch. He's showered and shaved, and wears light, drawstring sweats and a T-shirt.

The TV is on, but muted. There's a stack of mail on the couch, and he's been sorting through it. He's talking to someone on his cell phone, using an earpiece.

DALTON

I'm not worried about that... You divide it up any way you see fit. Make sure everyone gets what they need. I'll take what's left. I need to pay out about five hundred, so make sure I get north of that.

The doorbell rings.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Everyone was happy the last time, right?

Dalton pushes a button on the TV remote, and the image on the TV switches to a security camera view of Frazier on the other side of the door.

Dalton smiles. He's been looking forward to this visit. \*

DALTON (CONT'D)

I gotta go.

He hangs up and answers the door.

DALTON (CONT'D)

Lieutenant. What an honor. Come in.

FRAZIER

Thanks.

Frazier moves straight through the apartment, towards the windows, and admires the panoramic view.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

I suppose that when you wake up everyday to a view like this, you start to feel like you can manipulate the rest of us.

DALTON

I suppose there might be a connection. Kind of a chicken and egg thing, maybe.

FRAZIER

First you rule the world, then you get the view? Fair enough.

DALTON

I'm not looking to rule the world or manipulate anyone. I think what I do is similar to what you do. I try to restore balance. I just get paid better. Which reminds me - I did offer you a job a few days ago.

FRAZIER

How much did you take off of Moldoveanu?

Dalton stares at Frazier and quickly decides he's free to tell the truth.

DALTON

Six million.

FRAZIER

Your cut?

DALTON

No. I'll end up with about half a million. We'll see.

FRAZIER

And the diamonds that they brought him were fakes?

DALTON

Correct.

FRAZIER

How much did White know?

DALTON

Nothing. I guess I did manipulate her. But, c'mon, she asked for it.

Frazier chuckles.

DALTON (CONT'D)

I know it's probably against the rules, but can I offer you a drink?

FRAZIER

You got something really good in there? Y'know, something you've been saving for a special occasion.

Dalton is excited by that response.

He opens the door of his wine cabinet, goes straight to the bottom, and pulls out a very old bottle.

FRAZIER (CONT'D) (O.S.)

Bet you got some nice Cuban cigars to go with it, too.

Frazier stares out the window.

Dalton approaches with a bottle, two snifters, and cigar kit.

DALTON

Cohiba Robustos. And this is a 1918 Hennessy Cognac.

He hands a snifter to Frazier.

Both men sit at a table overlooking the view.

FRAZIER

Bet the bottle cost more than my car.

Dalton pours.

DALTON

More than my car.

Frazier lifts his glass. Dalton follows.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What are we toasting?

FRAZIER

(thinks)  
To justice.

DALTON

I like that. To justice.

They sip.

DALTON (CONT'D)

What do you think?

FRAZIER

Honestly? It's nice, but not for my money.

DALTON

Well, I'm buying. Given any thought to my offer? I'd really love to have you on my team.

Dalton begins cutting and offering Frazier a cigar, and lighting it, as they speak.

FRAZIER

I got a better idea. Why don't you play for my team?

DALTON

I beg your pardon.

FRAZIER

Wanna hear a little story?

DALTON

Love to.

FRAZIER

A few years ago I met an extraordinary man, who left an indelible impression on me. In the brief time we spent together, I came to respect him. And, I believe, he came to respect me.

DALTON

I'm sure that he did.

FRAZIER

I didn't get his name or what he looked like, but I've never forgotten the things we discussed. I learned a lot from him.

DALTON

Such as?

FRAZIER

I learned that when a man crosses over the line from good to bad, when he trades in his dignity for a few dollars or some treasure, he trades in his soul. And no matter how hard he tries to erase that act, it follows him wherever he goes. And eventually, it catches up to him.

DALTON

He sounds like a wise man, this mysterious stranger.

FRAZIER

A very wise man. Perhaps a little vain.

DALTON

Vanity can be a real killer.

FRAZIER

Yes.

A long beat. Frazier stares in to Dalton's eyes.

Frazier takes out two documents and puts them on the table.

He slides one of the documents across the table.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

What's that?

Dalton leans forward to look at the document.

DALTON

It appears to be an NYPD evidence receipt.

Dalton reads further. His voice is losing some of its signature confidence.

DALTON (CONT'D)

For a 2.03 carat diamond. VS1, E-color, round cut. Recovered from the Manhattan Trust Bank on August 20th, 2005.

FRAZIER

To the naked eye, it's indistinguishable from the one on my wife's finger. Kind of interesting, wouldn't you say?

No response. Frazier pushes the second document across the table.

Dalton takes a longer beat before leaning forward and reading this document.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

That's a receipt for the purchase of a diamond engagement ring, 1.89 carats, grade VS2, color F.  
(MORE)



FRAZIER (CONT'D)

Round cut. Twelve thousand three hundred and fifty dollars. Like you said, I saved my pennies. It's a fifteen-thousand dollar stone, but cops can get a pretty nice discount from merchants who appreciate how hard we work.

Dalton is stunned.

DALTON

(under his breath)

Fuck...

Frazier puts his feet up on the table. He relaxes and takes a long drag, savoring the Cohiba.

Dalton tries to play it cool, but he is shocked, and he is fucked.

FRAZIER

Funny, I thought you'd have something really clever to say.

But Dalton barely heard that, and still only musters another quiet...

DALTON

Fuck.

FRAZIER

(mocking)

Perhaps you'd like some gum?

Dalton just looks at him in amazement.

FRAZIER (CONT'D)

I had the chance to take the easy route. Could've walked away with a diamond a little nicer than that one. But - and this is what I learned from the man - the price was too high.

Dalton has regained his composure, faster than most people would.

DALTON

Seems like you owe the man.

FRAZIER

Yeah, maybe. Maybe I owe him a lesson.

(a beat, leans in)

I knew that one day you'd come looking for that diamond.

DALTON

Given much thought to what you'd  
do when that day came?

FRAZIER

You bet I did.

DALTON

And now that it has? Are you going  
to arrest me?

FRAZIER

I'm gonna give it a bit more  
thought.

(a beat)

You're not in any hurry, are you?

DALTON

Not really.

Dalton purses his lips and shrugs his shoulders, as  
though he's contemplating a new challenge...

Frazier puts two fingers on the base of his glass and  
slides it towards Dalton, and motions for Dalton to  
refill his glass.

FADE TO BLACK.